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THE CRESSET

IN THE JUNE CRESSET:

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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Commencement

THIS is the month when those of us who work on college campuses dress ourselves up in medieval gowns and doze while the president passes his wand over assorted young people, making this one an *artium baccalaureus* and that one a *scientiae baccalaureus*. And a very pleasant occasion it is, too.

In the dozing half-consciousness of a warm June afternoon, we who have seen some of the black-gowned young men and women out in front of us come up from freshman hazing to senior corduroys can't help feeling a certain sense of satisfaction. There are times, during the school year, when we can't help wondering whether the whole educational process is not an exaggerated bit of mummery. Our lines, as instructors, are ponderous and pontifical. We are the custodians of Truth and Learning. Our role requires us to attempt to pass on a part of our treasure to the kids. Their role, on the other hand, requires certain classic motions of rejection. We lunge, they parry; we feint, they side-step. And then, on an afternoon in June, the dance stops for a while for congratulations and refreshments all around.

We sometimes have our doubts about the value of the whole performance, but those doubts fade away under the genial sun of the June afternoon. At the worst, we can feel that the four-year ritual did the kids no harm. Very early in the performance, they learned not to take us too seriously. By the end of their first semester, they knew that it is as much a part of

the ritual that professors be portentuous as it is that sophomores be brazen. And so when we talked of crisis and the end of an era and the uncertainty of things to come, they played their roles well, listened, made the proper responses, but kept on gathering sticks and tufts and pieces of mud to build nests in the oak which we had told them was rotten and ready to fall.

And now, for some of them at least, the dance has ended and some of the women will, before the day is over, have replaced the sombre black academic gown with the white wedding gown. And that will be the final proof that the dance did them no harm. If, in this middle year of man's most turbulent century, the young people of our world can listen to all that we have to say and, above it all, still hear and respond to the divine injunction, "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth *and subdue it,*" there is still more room for hope than we may sometimes have thought.

Good News

IT IS always a pleasure to be able to report something constructive and one of the happiest pieces of news we have seen in the past month or so is the annual report of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, a Jewish organization established to combat anti-Semitism and other forms of religious and racial bigotry.

The report indicates that 1949 was a rough year for the hatemongers. Thirty-five anti-Semitic groups went broke during the year, the Ku Klux Klan was rendered ineffective by internal fights, fair employment practices laws were increased from four to eight, education and sports had a relatively clean record as far as racial discrimination is concerned, and the communications services gave good coverage to human relations activities.

Unfortunately, there are still many dark spots in the picture. Over a million dollars was collected by the leading professional bigots during the year, 57 anti-Semitic organizations were active, and amateur sports continued to practice discrimination. The leading professional bigots as listed by the league are Merwin K. Hart, Gerald L. K. Smith, Gerald Winrod, Upton Close, Joseph P. Camp, Allen Zoll, and Wesley Swift.

We prefer to dwell on the bright side of the picture, though. The success of the various agencies which have been combatting discrimination is most heartening, not only because we believe that their ends have been desirable and proper but because their

means have, in most cases, been the very means in which we have always wanted to believe. Until very recently, the process of combatting discrimination was almost entirely educational in nature. Legal weapons became available only after people generally had been convinced of the desirability of labeling the bigot a criminal—and that took quite a long time. The job is still a long way from finished, but a momentum has been built up which should carry the movement along, even at an accelerated rate.

We see here another hopeful sign that America is growing up. And much as one wishes that he might speed up the process, it is heartening to see that progress is being made.

The Overworld

THAT was a great statement that Msgr. Raymond E. Jackson made at the funeral of Kansas City hoodlum Charles Binaggio when, in condemning syndicate crime and vice, he went on to "condemn also the overworld liquor executives, public officials in high and low places and the like who, though able to retain the aura of respectability, sacrifice every decent principle for their own contemptible and selfish ends."

"The same blood is on their hands," Msgr. Jackson continued, "as upon the hands of the villainous characters whom they both use and protect."

Sometimes we wonder whether we don't spend too much time and effort trying to stamp out the underworld when, in reality, the underworld is composed chiefly of those who do the dirty work for the "respectable" overworld. Vice and crime can be kept out of cities. The women of Gary, Indiana, proved that when they got fed up on conditions in their city and insisted upon closing the town up. Political protection is as necessary for organized crime as stagnant water is for the Anopheles mosquito. And, to carry the simile a step farther, swatting down individual hoodlums is as ineffective an operation as trying to swat each individual mosquito. In either case, the place to start is with the breeding places. And it is the overworld that supplies the breeding places for organized crime.

Take the matter of slums, for instance. Sociologists are agreed that slum areas provide ideal breeding places for crime. It would hardly be expected that one would find, then, as one does, that colleges, universities and churches are among the individuals and institutions that hold title to slum property. Or take the po-

lice forces. Many a "respectable" citizen who has cried his heart out at the corruption of the police has himself pulled every wire he could lay his hands on to fix a parking ticket. In other words, many of us who are piously looking down our noses at the Binaggios and Gargottas might rather be looking at our own hands. Blood is blood, whether it stain the heavy, hairy hand of a cheap hoodlum or the soft, slender hand of a pillar of the community.

Of Men and Ulcers

AH," AS one of our national newscasters would say, "there's good news tonight." Out of the 117th annual meeting of the American Chemical society comes word of the development of a new drug which provides what the United Press calls a "double-barreled attack" on peptic ulcers.

We have learned from long, and at times harrowing, experience not to go overboard on any of these reported "cures." Still, we feel that this occasion calls for restrained optimism. Some day, when our family is grown and we find time hanging heavily on our hands, we are going to write a study of the influence of the peptic ulcer on the development of Western civilization. We expect to prove that for every tyrant whose outlook on life was colored by a cruel father or an unhappy sex life, there were a dozen who went sour because of stomach distress. At the proper time, we shall name names. For the present, we suggest only types.

Anyone who has ever worked on a newspaper or magazine has encountered the demon editor whose relations with his staff reflected the inner turbulence of his digestive system. Many a student has failed because his instructor was grading his paper during a siege of dyspepsia. Many a tearful wife would do better to probe the condition of her husband's stomach than the disposition of his heart. Many a philosopher has looked out upon the human scene more from the background of a twitching vagus than of a tortured mind.

Unfortunately, the compound is still in the experimental stage so we cannot expect it to solve our immediate problems. And if we do not solve these immediate problems, there is a considerable likelihood that neither we nor our problems will be around by the time the experiments are complete and the drug is ready for general use.

Target Area

WHOEVER is in charge of such things in Washington has just released a list of "sure" atom

bomb targets in our home state, if war should come and, while the list should not surprise us, it does. We find ourselves looking at old, familiar sights as though we were seeing them for the first time.

One sure target, according to Washington, is the city which we remember as a small child visiting our grandparents. There is a great park there, with band concerts in the summer and a frozen creek in the winter. Downtown is a restaurant that is famed through the whole southern half of the state as the perfect place to take one's date for an after-theater supper. The people of the city are a friendly, informal lot, many of them products of small towns and country villages and still rural in their outlook.

Somehow, we find it hard to think of the city as a target for atomic bombing. But when one stands back from the city, looking at it from the vantage point of Washington or Moscow, it is not the park, or the little restaurant, or the transplanted farmers that one sees. One sees instead the railroad lines that focus upon the city, and the plant where jet fighter engines are made, and the numerous small plants that manufacture the materials of war. They don't take up much room and we would guess that they employ a relatively small percentage of the population. But there they are and, if war comes, they are all an enemy would see or care about in the city. Grandfather's house shares the destiny of the jet engine factory and the waters of the little creek in the park must be poisoned to stop the flow of rail traffic through the city. And that, children, is today's lesson in the economic geography of the Air Age.

Contemporary Fable

ONCE upon a time there was a young man who was friendless and very lonely. People did not take to him and the world had passed him by. And so the young man read Dale Carnegie and he took every course that Mr. Arthur Murray has to offer and he put scented grease on his hair and he bathed thrice a day with the strongest deodorant soap he could find, and still he remained alone and friendless.

As time went on, the young man got moodier and moodier and the moodier he got the more he drank and the more he drank the more convinced he became that the world was all wrong. And then, one night, after getting higher than a kite and brooding about his unhappy condition, he went home and throttled his mother when she asked him whether he didn't think he ought

to go easy on the booze, especially since he was using her money to buy it.

The news hit the morning papers in type four inches high and immediately the young man found himself surrounded by friends. The Centerville *Intelligencer's* tame psychiatrist headed a three-column spread with an indignant: "What Is Wrong With Society When It Leads Young Men to Throttle Their Mothers?" The *Evening Glockenspiel's* crime reporter (a lachrymose maiden of some forty summers and waistline to match) wrote the story of the young man's life. (A local antiquarian spotted it as a direct translation of a medieval account of the life of St. Polycarp, the martyr.) Twenty-four Protestant parsons addressed their congregations the following Sunday upon the text: "Him that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone." The sheriff, in an exclusive interview, intimated that his gaol had never housed a more likeable young man and, were the situation not so awkward, he would like to adopt the boy as his own son.

And then came the trial. And such a trial it was! The district attorney got things off to a pleasant start by announcing that the state would not seek the supreme penalty; the defense attorney countered with an admission that it sure looked like his client, in a moment of forgetfulness, had done in his mother; and the defendant, groomed to a fare-thee-well, sat sober but confident looking into the eyes of the talesmen.

The trial ended with a conviction of second-degree manslaughter and a recommendation for mercy which the judge effectuated, although his voice was husky and his eyes near to tears when he came to the fateful words: "One year in the state prison."

And the next day, the young man left for the state prison to pay his debt to society. But his heart was at peace. For he felt loved, and understood, and cared-for.

Moral: The murderer has more friends than his victim.

The  PILGRIM

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." —PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

DEAR JOHN:

It was very good of you to write me a letter in this place last month. . . . As you know I have given hostages to fortune and there are hours and days when I remember that . . . not reluctantly at all, but with the deep realization that the dependence of other human beings transfers certain hours to other pursuits. . . . So I suddenly found it necessary to head for the wild blue yonder in order to assist in the process of seeing to it that a member of the next generation faces life just as healthily as possible. . . .

I was also impressed by the fact that your letter was predicated on the quiet assumption that I had missed a certain book which I should have read. . . . Perhaps that was even more significant than your thoughtfulness in jumping into the empty pages which are usually occupied by this column. . . . I could have answered your letter very simply and briefly by saying, "The book to which you referred is not the only one which I have missed during the past few years." One of the most curious and disturbing accompaniments of the hurrying years is the fact that one becomes increasingly a prisoner of routine. . . . At times I have the feeling of beating against blank walls. . . . The days and weeks and months roll by and each waking hour is devoted entirely to the routine of living and working. . . . You know by this time what a real tragedy that can become. . . . If one does not set aside moments of quiet and silence, with or without good books, one soon succumbs to the psychology of a mouse on a treadmill without food. . . . No single factor in my present life is giving me more thorough concern. . . . Once or twice in my own years I have seen men who have stopped reading . . . they can coast for a number of years, but sooner or later the hollow sound of emptiness is heard in their life and speech and the immediate, press-

ing, crowded present rushes in where the past ought to be. . . . You have often heard me refer to Wordsworth's famous line: "The world is too much with us. . . ." Let us make no mistake about it . . . this is the great sickness of the Twentieth Century. . . . In greater or lesser measure it has touched all of us. . . . We place such a premium upon the energetic, fanatic extrovert that we look with suspicion upon anyone who feels that there is still a benediction in solitude or in the company of those who have gone before us. . . . For this reason, too, I am most grateful for your gentle reminder that there are books to be read and thoughts to be thought. . . .

Since you called a book to my attention, I should like to return the favor by referring to a little volume which I have looked at again and again during the past few months. . . . You will note that it is only a little volume. . . . It seems that I have time only for little books. . . . This one happens to be the little volume published by Abingdon-Cokesbury some months ago, *The Private Devotions of Lancelot Andrewes,* the great English churchman. . . . You will recall that he was the leading churchman in the times of the great queen and was also the first divine called on to assist in the new translation of the Bible which eventually came to be known as the King James Version. One of the curious facts about this little volume of devotions is the fact that Bishop Andrewes originally wrote these meditations, prayers, and confessions in Greek. . . . Shades of our Protestant brethren who specialize in advertising, financing and psychology! ! As I have said, I have looked at this volume again and again. . . . It really sounds strange to the modern ear. . . . There is a warmth and intensity about it which leaves us uncomfortable. . . . It is, of course, always difficult to transfer the experience of God to cold paper and print. . . . It is even more difficult to pick it up from the paper and transfer it to another mind. . . . There is always an inevitable loss of power in the process which makes much devotional reading flat and unprofitable. . . . On the other hand, the reading and rereading of the following can be only a gain. . . . It is the good Bishop's confession in the order of evening prayer:

Lord,
as we add day to day
so sin to sin.
The just falleth seven times a day:

and I, an exceeding sinner,
seventy times seven;
a wonderful, a horrible thing, O Lord.
But I turn with groans
from my evil ways,
and I return into my heart,
and with all my heart I turn to Thee,
O God of penitents and Saviour of sinners;
and evening by evening I will return
in the innermost marrow of my soul;
and my soul out of the deep
crieth unto Thee.
I have sinned, O Lord, against Thee
heavily against Thee;
alas, alas, woe is me! for my misery.
I repent, O me! I repent, spare me, O Lord,
I repent, O me, I repent,
help Thou my impenitence.
Be appeased, spare me, O Lord;
be appeased, have mercy on me;
I said, Lord, have mercy upon me,
heal my soul, for I have sinned against Thee.
Have mercy upon me, O Lord,
after Thy great goodness,
according to the multitude of Thy mercies
do away mine offences.
Remit the guilt,
heal the wound,
blot out the stains,
clear away the shame,
rescue from the tyranny,
and make me not a public example.
O bring Thou me out of my trouble,
cleanse Thou me from secret fault,
keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins.
My wanderings of mind
and idle talking
lay not to my charge.
Remove the dark and muddy flood
of foul and wicked thoughts.
O Lord,
I have destroyed myself;
whatever I have done amiss, pardon mercifully.

Deal not with us after our sins,
neither reward us after our iniquities.
Look mercifully upon our infirmities;
and for the glory of Thy All-holy Name,
turn from us all those ills and miseries,
which by our sins, and by us through them
are most righteously and worthily deserved.

There is something sacredly powerful about a soul talking warmly and intimately to its Maker.... If you have looked at it closely, you must have been struck by certain phrases. . . . I paused for a long time over the lines: "My wanderings of mind and idle talking lay not to my charge." Here is one of the great advantages of following the devotions of a greater man than oneself. . . . I had not thought of asking for forgiveness for "wanderings of mind" and "idle talking." . . . And yet, the more I thought about it, the more clearly I understood that the good Bishop was on the right track. . . . So many of our sins are not in the catalogs of society. . . . They are known only to God, and often they are far more serious in the long view than the offenses which society also condemns. . . . Perhaps more than ever before we of the Twentieth Century should pray: "Forgive us the sins which no one else in the world even recognizes as sin." This, you will understand immediately, includes very many things.

Would you like to hear just a little more from Bishop Andrewes? Here is his commendation at the close of evening prayer:

To my weariness, O Lord,
vouchsafe Thou rest,
to my exhaustion
renew Thou strength.
Lighten mine eyes that I sleep not in death.
Deliver me from the terror by night,
the pestilence that walketh in darkness.
Supply me with healthy sleep,
and to pass through this night without fear.
O keeper of Israel,
who neither slumberest nor sleepest,
guard me this night from all evil,
guard my soul, O Lord,
Visit me with the visitation of Thine own,
reveal to me wisdom in the visions of the night.

If not, for I am not worthy, not worthy,
at least, O loving Lord,
let sleep be to me a breathing time
as from toil, so from sin.

"Let sleep be to me a breathing time as from toil, so from sin." Magnificent, isn't it?

Next month I hope to turn to some other matters which have interested me lately. . . . Meanwhile, be assured again of my gratitude . . . With your conscience about editorial deadlines and my schedule, I have no doubt that you will be writing me several letters in the near future. . . .

It is a serious thing to live in a society of gods and goddesses, to remember that the dullest and most uninteresting person you talk to may one day be a creature which, if you saw it now, you would be strongly tempted to worship, or else a horror and a corruption such as you now meet, if at all, only in a nightmare. . . . It is in the light of these overwhelming possibilities, it is with the awe and the circumspection proper to them, that we should conduct all our dealings with one another, all friendships, all loves, all play, all politics.

C. S. Lewis, *The Weight of Glory* (Macmillan)

The Communist Solution to the World Crisis and Its Validity as Seen in the Light of History.

The Bolshevik Answer

BY ZOLTAN SZTANKAY, PH.D.
Visiting Professor of Government, Valparaiso University

(The author of the following article was, for many years, a member of the diplomatic corps of the Hungarian government. He has had opportunity to observe at first hand the operation of Communism in his own country and in the last country in which he was stationed, Yugoslavia.

THE CRESSET *is happy to have the opportunity to publish Dr. Sztankay's article, not only because he sets forth challenging ideas and conclusions but because it gives him the opportunity, in a free land, to let go a blast at his country's betrayers and invaders.—The Editors)*

SCHOLARS as well as the man on the street agree that humanity is in a tremendous crisis, politically as well as spiritually. Thinking men point to the two world wars, to the present revolutions, to the economic and political disorders as proof that something is radically wrong with contemporary civilization.

The crisis is not, however, of recent origin. Scholars do not agree on the causes, but on the whole it is generally understood that the crisis has something to do with the weakening of the Christian creed in the human soul—that is, with the disappearance of the Christian belief as an overwhelming supporting force in the life of the European Christian community. Others, less inclined toward spiritual thinking, believe that the main trouble with mankind is that it is still living in national states, which fact makes for the causes of wars and economic maladjustment, though the linking up in big supernational organizations would be the imperative of the time.

All creative forces, conservative as well as progressive, agree on the necessity of a certain form of international organization, covering the whole world, in which the

supremacies of the member states should be at least partially subordinated. By this, war would be made impossible. That would solve the political problem.

On the other hand, there is disagreement as to the spiritual solution. There are many schools of thought. By far the most powerful among them is Russian Bolshevism, which declares that Christianity is done for and that it should be replaced by something else, by a new driving and directing force. The *Nazis* wanted to put in its place the intolerant, brutal force of the German race, the *Herrenvolk* idea. The Bolsheviks pretend to put in its place the Marxist ideology.

On the other hand, people still believing in the supreme power of Christianity declare that Christianity is far from having accomplished its historical mission, and that nothing can be found in the spiritual field that can take its place.

As a matter of fact, humanity, and with it Christianity as well, is only passing through a progressive cleaning process. The human crisis and its tremendously disturbing consequences are only the result of the readjustment supplementary to this process.

To understand the necessity of this process—of which we are probably in the middle—we have to go back to the Middle Ages. Then, in general, the authority of Christianity was unquestioned. No other spiritual force rivaled it. No doubt, no question arose in the Christian soul, while praying in those imposing, inspiring cathedrals.

However, with the coming of the New Age, things changed. In passing through fifteen long centuries, the Middle Ages, Christianity aged and showed some signs of degeneration. In addition, the human mind progressed, and with it its spiritual requirements developed.

The Reformation came to rid the church of misuse of its unquestioned authority, to lead it back to its purely spiritual duties, and also, by depriving it of pure formalism and mysticism, to make religion more understandable to the developing human mind. Protestantism also linked the masses closer to the church, denying to the clergy the privilege of exclusive access to the doctrines and the essence of Christianity, by giving the Bible into the hands of the people, to whom, up to then, only irrational belief and mystic practice had been left.

The Renaissance brought freedom to the inquiring human mind. It set science, literature, and art free from the patronage of the church. The bondages of religious doctrines were done away with, the mind was set free for

questioning, doubting, investigating, examining. Scholarly research commenced. No terrain was forbidden any more to human endeavor.

With doctrines done away with and the mind set free, real wonders were produced, and waves of great discoveries set in which are evolving today at an ever accelerating pace.

The process of cleansing Christianity and all European Christian civilization in order to save it from early aging and degeneration, to make it fit for progress, to make it endure through ages, began. It meant, of course, breaking up Christian authority and unity of thought. It meant also fermentation, turmoil, trouble, and struggle. The crisis of humanity which we are still experiencing today was on.

Human thought was free, but man was not. Freedom for man came with the French Revolution. The French Revolution destroyed absolutism, the tyranny of a sole man, the head of the state. It also ended feudalism. In general it brought freedom to humanity, freedom which we still cherish. Modern democracy, as it is scientifically understood today, dates back to the French as well as to the American Revolution.

Democracy brought with it also supreme nationalism, and national hatred. Political disintegration of mankind into states, which up to that time were founded only on the thin loyalty of the subject to his monarch, now became so dangerously extreme, that the loyalty to one's nation meant almost the complete exclusion of all sentiment for a bigger human spiritual community, such as a Christian European brotherhood, which was a reality not only in the Middle Ages, but also up to the French Revolution and to the coming of modern nationalism.

Although the French Revolution was the revolt of the *bourgeois* class against royal absolutism and feudal aristocracy, it contained the germs of socialism, which aims to raise the standard of life of the broad masses and bring political and economic as well as social justice to the *proletarian*. This process was realized in Western Europe in the course of the nineteenth century by slow evolution, in which the Socialist parties played the leading role, rather than by revolution.

The French Revolution, then, brought political democracy to the masses and freedom to the individual. However, to the lost spiritual unity of Christian brotherhood was now added the complete political disintegration of Europe into vociferous national states.

What is then the situation today on the way—a long way compared to the length of the life of

an individual, but short measured on the scale of human history—toward the evolutionary clearing, or more correctly, the strengthening, of Christian civilization?

In this process, which is now four and a half centuries old, spiritual freedom was restored to the human mind by the Reformation and the Renaissance. Free thinking became the common heritage of our civilization. Political freedom for the masses and personal freedom for the individual as well as the concept of democracy as the best form of statehood, were set down as eternal values by the French Revolution.

On the other hand—on the debit side—spiritual unity of Christian humanity, assured in the Middle Ages by the unwavering spirit of the believers, was shaken by the Reformation and the Renaissance. Also schemes of political and economical unity of the Christian world—always in the minds of ambitious rulers and leading men of the Church, as well as in the minds of thinkers—were temporarily forgotten, and their eventual realization called in question, as the result of the French Revolution, which declared the principle of exclusive national sovereignty, and as extreme nationalism destroyed loyalty to all other forms of human unity in the soul of the partisans.

The advice derived from the evolving process for saving and strengthening Christian civilization is clear: to maintain the right of human minds to free thought—the great achievement of the Reformation and Renaissance; to preserve the equally great achievement of the French Revolution, that is, the political democracy as a form of the modern state with its majority rule and its respect to minority opinion, as well as the political freedom for the masses and personal freedom for the individual; and finally, to uphold the achievements of social evolution, which are social and economic equality and security.

But if the process to make Christian civilization time-proof is to succeed, the dangerous faults which were brought about by the big elementary movements of the last five centuries (Reformation, Renaissance, French Revolution) have to be eliminated.

First, the disintegration on national political lines has to be stopped. A supernational political and economic organization, which will ultimately be a world state, has to be created.

Secondly, and above all, unconquerable belief has to be brought back into the soul of man. Nothing better exists for this purpose than the invincible spirit of the Christian Creed.

Meanwhile, profiting from the long lasting disorder in thought

and events, from resulting chaos, social disorder and human misery, many schools of thought have sprung up, which all pretend to show the way toward the end of present political, economic, and social anarchy and to give a solution to all our problems and to lead humanity out of the world crisis.

Today the most important of these ideologies, because by far the most powerful, is Russian Communism, better identified as Bolshevism. Bolshevism, born of the theory of Marxist socialism—but in practice becoming above all a ruthless dictatorship—understood very well the essence of the crisis. In order to gain world power, quite logically at the beginning it was anti-national. Even today, in principle, it does not permit national and racial antagonism among its adherents, whether they are the subjects of the same or different states. Without any question it aims at uniting, by the help of the Communist parties of the different countries, all the world in one big Communist dominated state. However, disappointed in the little success of international slogans, today Bolshevism is resorting to national devices, both in Russia and elsewhere, as it is using all means, moral or immoral, in order to further the realization of its far reaching program: world domination.

With this big order, and by cleverly exploiting the differences between different social classes and by encouraging hope in a more just world for the misery-ridden and downtrodden masses of the still backward countries of the world, it also wants to offer a quasi-religious substitute for Christianity: the belief in a happy, classless, materially developed, abundant world.

Its pretentions seem to be right and therefore, in the eyes of its believers, not devoid of the promise of success. It rightly sized up the situation as it resulted from the spiritual and political crisis: to give political unity and spiritual belief to errant humanity.

Now, let us see. Are these seemingly right and loudly proclaimed pretentions backed up by reality? Are they backed up by practice in Soviet Russia? Could Bolshevism as practiced in Russia solve the problems posed by the world crisis? Is, above all, Bolshevism a progressive or a retrogressive force in the history of mankind?

Although Bolshevism knows what is ailing the world, and is promising—in a certain sense—the right medicine, even if it gained world domination it would not be able to fulfill its loudly propagandized promises, because its practices are contradictory to the teaching of history, to human progress and very often to the

moral commandments, without which man cannot make a step forward.

What does the study of Bolshevism as practiced in Russia and her satellite states show? All the progressive ideals—achievements of the Reformation, Renaissance, and French Revolution—which today form the common heritage of Western civilization and on which the modern democratic state is founded, were lightheartedly discarded by the dictatorial state of Soviet Russia, where Bolshevism reigns supreme.

There is not—and never was—freedom of thinking in Soviet Russia. Scholars, writers, and artists have no freedom of original thought but are mere propagandizers of the idea of the Bolshevik state. There does not exist—and never has existed—any political freedom for the masses in Soviet Russia. The people have no other choice but to approve what their self-appointed leaders already have accomplished. Above all, there does not exist—and never has existed—in the land of the Soviets personal freedom for the individual. He lives, works, and dies as the state prescribes. The individual has no right to do with his own person as he pleases. The state is in complete command of his person.

The pretensions of Bolshevism may be higher, but in all the above, it is just as retrograde and in its methods just as base, as its counterpart, Hitlerism.

Such being the case, Bolshevism as practiced in Russia leads us back to the Middle Ages. All the achievements of the intervening five centuries—achievements of the Reformation, Renaissance, and French Revolution and also of the slow social evolution of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries in the West—blessings of human progress, which assured to all of us spiritual and material well-being, self-respect, freedom, goodwill to each other, are ruthlessly destroyed, only because a scholarly mind in the middle of the nineteenth century thought to find exclusive remedy in his speculative theory for all the wrongs and troubles of the world, and because fanatics, who, impressed by the material misery and cultural backwardness of the masses, their brethren, in the East, wanting to save them and to build up a new and a more just world, chose this doctrine, as a quasi-religion, on which to found their new empire, cost what it may.

Should we be drawn back to the Middle Ages and lose all the fruits of the spiritual progress realized since then, and all the achievements of the great progressive movements, which reawakened the thinking and feeling of the best and greatest scholars and artists,

just because a group of fanatics were, in their youth, influenced by the Marxist doctrine and because these fanatics happened to live in a country, which by its tyrannical form of state, by its cultural backwardness, as well as by the miserable poverty of its people, happened to be an excellent hotbed for experimentation and later the realization of this doctrine?

Should we be pushed back five centuries or more because Bolshevism was brought to life, and is pushed forward today by its natural wealth and by the perseverant fanaticism of its leaders who threaten, in case the West should relinquish its watchfulness, to carry through its plan for world revolution or world conquest?

It was said before that Bolshevism would lower the modern civilization to the level of the Middle Ages. As a fact, it would do worse. Before the Reformation and the Renaissance came, though no freedom of thought and no political freedom existed as understood today, the universality of Christian belief, with its high moral standard, made up in a certain sense, in the primitive society, for the lack of political and individual freedom. An unquestionable spiritual force, the Christian belief, existed and was respected, and as a rule, conformed to by great and small.

Bolshevism cannot even promise such spiritual authority. It cannot even justly pretend to substitute a new creed or new moral laws in the place of Christianity. Although it claimed, at first, to replace religious creeds with its own belief in a socially just, technically developed, materially abundant, classless world, essentially its aim is purely materialistic. All spiritual, supernatural considerations were ruled out with the simple formula that religion and all its like is but an opium, given to the masses by their oppressors in order to hold them in ignorance and servitude. Furthermore, with its recent tactical concessions to the historic churches in Russia and in her satellite states, it apparently recognizes its disinterest in the world of the spirit.

With all achievements of the spiritual and political progress of the last five centuries gone, left even without spiritual leadership and an undisputable moral standard, which were assured in the Middle Ages by Christianity, where would we stand? Would material progress, the result of previous discoveries of the free mind of a happier age, save civilization and mankind from a weapon of destruction resulting from the same discoveries?

We would probably be thrown back to where humanity wavered before the dawn of Christianity (times when the Roman spirit was

starting on its course of slow degeneration) or, worse, fall into the abyss of complete annihilation of all civilization.

To what a low level the lack of a spiritual creed and of a moral standard—when coupled with fanaticism for malconceived ideals—can debase human beings and what frightful results it can produce is shown no more clearly by the bestial extermination of millions of Jews by the Nazis than by the starving of several millions of peasants in 1931-32, years of ruthless collectivization of the peasant-owned farms and wholesale uprooting of their owners from their ancestral villages in the USSR.

On the credit side, Bolshevism technically developed the country and brought education, though its own brand, to the backward people. It has also done away with the old social differences of czarist Russia. By taking over technical civilization from the West, Bolshevism has admittedly accomplished certain things in the East. But at what price? Even in the East, absolutely nothing justifies its existence, as pure western democracy could have accomplished at least as much.

Bolshevism cannot lead humanity out of the world crisis. On the contrary, it probably would destroy, sooner or later, the present civilization.

One who became a victim of human deceitfulness through his love—has he really lost anything when in eternity it becomes evident that love abides while deceitfulness ceases? But on the other hand, one who has prudently deceived himself through his own conceit of wisdom—has he not lost everything when in eternity it becomes evident that he has cheated himself?

SØREN KIERKEGAARD

Letter from a Small Business Man to His Senator

DEAR SENATOR:

I notice from the reports coming from Washington that the Secretary of the Treasury submitted to the House Ways and Means Committee of the Federal Congress certain proposed changes in the Estate and Gift Tax Laws.

In my opinion, any changes in the Estate and Gift Tax Laws which would increase the taxes from this source would further tend to destroy the initiative of small business men, and seriously affect our overall economy.

Increasing the taxes from this source would have a tendency to encourage small businesses or family owned corporations to liquidate their businesses now, before the death of the principal owner. Such liquidation would cause further unemployment and discourage the initiative of the more ambitious employees.

To support the above opinion, I would like to submit briefly my experience as a small business man and taxpayer—or should I say, tax collector.

At present I own the controlling interest of a closed corporation, which employs some fifty people and approximately $400,000.00 worth of capital. The business was started by me from scratch, forty-one years ago, and was founded on the idea that there was a need for cable operated power machinery for moving bulk materials which could not be moved efficiently or economically by means of the more or less conventional machinery then on the market.

It has been difficult from the start to encourage investors to put their money in such a business. Consequently, it was necessary to earn our own capital as additional equipment was continually needed to increase the earning power of the employees. Therefore, it was necessary for me to put all earnings into the business.

During the first thirty years our main problem was to develop and build machinery and supply it to the user at as low a cost as possible. This made necessary the hir-

ing of good cost accountants and engineers.

The problem during the last ten years has been to collect taxes for the Government in addition to supplying machinery at a reasonable cost. It is now necessary to engage tax accountants and tax analysts to hold down the overall cost. This problem of collecting taxes is becoming more difficult every day as the taxes are becoming the major cost of the total cost.

I left the farm forty-five years ago for the reason that there was already overproduction in this field and little future for additional farmers. Now, after developing a business in a new field, I am asked to collect taxes to support the overproduction of an industry I left forty-five years ago. The trick in farming now is to know how to handle the regulations and collect subsidies.

The problem of collecting taxes is a much more difficult problem in a small business than it is for the larger businesses who are able to employ skilled help for handling all the tax problems. The cost of handling taxes in a small business is a real cost. It is easy to understand why risk capital will drift to the larger corporations instead of the smaller businesses. A business of sufficient proportions that can employ efficient, trained help to handle the collection of taxes imposed upon it has a decided advantage over the smaller business that cannot afford to employ the trained help.

If the Government would assume the expense of collecting all its taxes direct from each individual, it would put the small and large businesses on the same competitive basis.

Furthermore, our business is now expected to collect taxes to supply funds to the Government which the Government in turn loans to more or less speculative undertakings, such as Lustron, Kaiser, etc. Here again the larger corporation, which is better equipped to collect taxes, is also better equipped to secure loans from the government.

I don't think Government should make any loans to private business, nor should our Government engage in private business. It is unfair and definitely unsportsmanlike to have the referee or the umpire of any competition take part in the competition as a competitor.

The tax burdens that have been placed on small businesses definitely discourage initiative, and if further burdens are imposed on the estates through tax legislation, a small business such as ours should be liquidated now to avoid forced liquidation to meet the taxes in the event of death. To liquidate now would mean that

we must sell whatever we have of interest to a larger corporation at a value that would be less than the value if the business were continued as a going organization. This would mean that the more ambitious associates in the business would have to seek employment in larger corporations, or better still, seek a Government job. The less ambitious would join the welfare state group for security and employment.

I would further assume that the funds secured through the liquidation would be invested in Government bonds to provide funds for the Government to loan to other business undertakings that could not secure the needed capital from private sources. In other words, more taxes imposed upon the small businesses will encourage the growth of the larger corporations, and the Government in turn will spend money trying to dissolve these larger corporations.

At my age I am not so much concerned about my few remaining years, but I am keenly concerned in maintaining the heritage I received from my forefathers, that is, a government that governs and encourages the initiative of its citizens for the overall good of the country. I am fearful that the present tendency to concentrate so many activities in government management which could be handled by private individuals will destroy the initiative of the individual which made possible the great development of this country.

I hope you will find it possible to use your influence toward the reduction of taxes, and provide greater incentive to the individuals who are willing to apply their talents and ability to continue our free enterprise system with improvements as we go along.

Respectfully,

JOHN A. SAUERMAN

An Imagined Symposium in Which the Sentences in Italics Are Authentic Quotations.

Speaking of Tolerance

BY ESTHER MATSON

TOLERANCE *appears to me as yet an unworked mine.*"

The Victorian Sir Arthur Helps was quoting from that forgotten book of his, *Friends in Council.* "Don't you agree with me that *there is a great deal too much of amateur judging in the world?*"

"Yes," he went on, "it is so much easier to set yourself up as a judge than to put yourself into another man's place, and this judging starts a vicious cycle that goes 'round the world and comes back like a boomerang. *I maintain that our condemnation of others is often as unscientific as it is un-Christian.*"

"Now, now," whimsically interrupted Charles Lamb, "so long as we continue to be *such poor concretions as mankind,* pray don't deprive us of a few *likings and dislikes. Whatever is, is to me a matter of taste or distaste. I confess that I am a bundle of prejudices —the veriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, antipathies.*"

"Hear! Hear!" cried Alexander Smith of *Dreamthorpe.* "Of all people to speak thus! But no matter what Lamb said, we all know what he practiced. Why Lamb was a very personification of the Will-to-Kindliness which the poor old world is so sadly in need of today. We all know that *love and charity ripened in that nature as peaches ripen on the wall that* fronts the sun. He believed as I do that *every man should be allowed to grow in his own way, so long as he does not infringe on the rights of his neighbors, or insolently thrust himself between him and the sun.*"

"Ah, quite so," resumed Sir Arthur. "But just there is the trouble. How draw the line between what constitutes infringement and what makes for insolence and aggression? How hard it is for men to get on with each other even in mere matters of taste. Indeed, most of us would count him insolent who should

venture to impugn our taste, whether in general or in particular. As for differences arising from temperament, from ideologies, from varying racial characteristics —here indeed comes difficulty."

"Besides," he went on, "there is further, even harder work, and that is *to be tolerant of intolerant people; to see how natural their intolerance is and, in fact, thoroughly to comprehend it and feel for it. This is the last stage of tolerance, which few men, I suppose, in this world attain.*"

"Another thing," mused Sir Arthur. *"I have often fancied that the main scheme of the world is to create tenderness in man.* (That would include tolerance, to be sure.) *And I have a notion that the outer world would change if men were to acquire more of this tenderness.*"

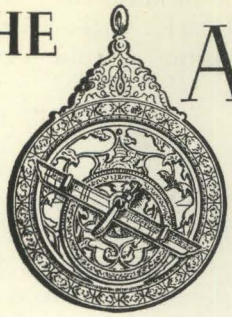
"A happy notion," agreed Sir Wilfred Grenfell, "and indeed why should not a more kindly climate spread, one of these days, over the globe as a reflection of a more humane mankind? For in spite of appearances, I do believe *the world is slowly learning that because two men think differently neither need be wicked.*"

"What is more," said William James, "such an attitude has national as well as individual implications. As I observed years ago, *every nation has its ideals, and it has to develop in its own way, in touch with them. It can only be judged by itself.*"

"Yes, every nation has a genius of its own and by cultivating it can contribute to the happiness and well-being of others. If only citizens and statesmen alike could realize this instead of emphasizing differences and fostering national prejudices! If only they would take heed of the word of one of their own moderns who has said that a man might as well light *a fire underneath his own home* as do anything that *kindles the flame of intolerance.*"

"Aye, only too true," said Washington Irving. "Your genuine patriot is perforce tolerant. *Whoever knowingly propagates a prejudice wilfully saps the foundation of his country's strength.* What's more, *it should be our pride to exhibit an example of one nation, at least, destitute of national antipathies and exercising not merely the overt acts of hospitality but those more rare and noble courtesies which spring from liberality of opinion.*"

THE ASTROLABE



By
THEODORE GRAEBNER

THE WITCHES' HAMMER

The Latin title was *Malleus Maleficarum,* it was printed in 1489 at Cologne and the authors were two Dominican monks, Jacob Sprenger and Henry Kraemer. Andrew D. White, of Cornell, who was not given to superlatives, called it "the most accursed book ever written."

The *Witches' Hammer* was written to place the trial, conviction, and execution of witches on a sound, legal basis. The great scholastic, Thomas of Aquino, had given the theological ground for the discussion of witchcraft. Compacts with the devil by which he would not only supply supernatural powers but would associate himself physically with men and women under covenant with him, feats of sorcery committed by means of cypher codes and geometrical designs, were considered matters for scientific and legal examination as much as murder, theft, or arson. There was only one penalty for sorcery and that was death at the stake—which means being burned alive. The inquisition would investigate the cases and hand the guilty parties over to the state for execution. Especially the monks of the Dominican Order were active in spreading the fear of sorcery among the people and carried the theory of St. Thomas, a member of their order, into practice. The church authorities charged them with this duty about the year 1232. Pope Innocent VIII in 1484 placed the inquisition in charge of the prosecutions for sorcery. The official letter of this Pope charged the Germans particularly for having been too lenient in the prosecution of witches and sorcerers.

When the *Witches' Hammer* appeared, it supplied a legal authori-

ty for the identification of witches, their trials, and final disposal.

The person accused of witchcraft had no chance. No public accuser needed to appear. Anonymous accusations were legally admissible, and the accused person had no lawyer for his or her defense. Having been seen at the reported place of sorcery was enough evidence to convict. Observe the feminine noun *maleficarum,* derived not from *maleficus* but *malefica*—since the female sex was particularly viewed as subject to the temptations of the devil.

The description of the compacts with the Evil One for the acquisition of wealth and of superior knowledge, the ability of translation to distant places within the twinkling of an eye, carnal intercourse with demons, and the ability to take hidden vengeance on one's enemies—these and countless other fantastic crimes are the subject matter of the *Witches' Hammer,* and the method by which confessions were obtained was the torture. The book describes exactly the means to be employed in order to inflict the most excruciating pain. It is this Third Part of the *Malleus Maleficarum* that destroys sleep. That is, if you have any imagination at all, and I suppose it is my imagination that made me quit some two or three pages into Part III.

I might as well add here that I have for the same reason never been able to finish the reading of Henry Charles Lea's *History of the Inquisition* (3 volumes, 1888).

THE SIMPLICISSIMUS

Another book I never finished was Germelshausen's *Simplicius Simplicissimus.* This is a book which originated during the Thirty Years' War in the first half of the seventeenth century and describes the kind of war being waged then for the suppression of the Protestant faith. The book gives a new meaning to the word atrocity. It describes in detail the cruel vengeance which was worked upon captives and on those suspected of collaboration with the enemy. It is quite a long book, running to some 600 pages, in the Reclam edition. Somewhere about the middle of the book it tells of the execution of Protestant captives who were promised release if they would foreswear their Christian faith by a recantation of the three articles of the Creed. Then, after denying their belief in Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, they were immediately slain with a fusillade of bullets—"so they would go to hell for having denied their faith." I did not go on.

Only recently reading Chambon's *History of Protestantism in*

France, I discover that the same means of encompassing the eternal damnation of Protestants who denied their Huguenot faith was used by the persecutors.

THE ELIXIRS OF THE DEVIL

The Cult of the Horrible was an early development of the romantic movement in literature. Somehow the stories of Edgar Allan Poe, *The Fall of the House of Usher* and *The Cask of Amontillado* failed to stop me, and even the story of which I have forgotten the title but which features a room, the walls of which gradually close in upon the occupant, ruined my sleep only for two or three nights. But I wonder whether anybody except the miserable proof reader has finished E. T. W. Hoffmann's *Elixiere des Teufels.* A monk by mere chance happens upon a bottle of some strange old liquor of which he drinks a few good swallows—with the effect that the Evil One has now taken residence in his body. The story of his associations with men and women of high and low rank, the crimes he commits and the fearful apparitions which plague him as the elixir wears off, reach pretty far into the ultimate of the horrible—farther than I, for one, was able to follow.

INSIDE THE MURDERERS' BRAIN

Really, the crime in Dostojevski's *Crime and Punishment* has about it nothing particularly atrocious. The victim is a moneylender, a middle-aged woman operating her little business from her home in a blighted area. She is found murdered, and with her also the dead body of her companion, an elderly aunt. Of the murderer there is no trace. Yet he is found out and he receives his punishment.

This sordid murder was planned a long time by the perpetrator, a certain Roskolnik. Down and out, too lazy, shiftless, and inefficient to hold a permanent job, and under obligations he cannot meet, he decides upon robbery as the solution of his troubles. Everything is planned very carefully and with much forethought for every eventuality. He sews a loop on the lining of his coat as a holster of a deadly weapon. Then follows a series of almost insignificant incidents which, however, have a direct bearing upon the execution of his plot. At one time it appears that he will not be compelled to execute his crime; there is a favorable turn and things are coming his way. Then again there is a purely accidental shift in the situation and we observe that he is pushed a step closer to the commission of the murder. This hap-

pens a number of times and the reader soon feels his nerves keenly on edge because so skillful is Dostojevski's presentation that the reader identifies himself with Roskolnik. He not only observes, he experiences the shifting series of coincidences, he lives within the brain of the man plotting murder and when at last he is at the door of the money-lender, the reader's heart begins to thump as though he stood there himself with the lethal weapon under his coat. Next Roskolnik steps inside and you step in with him, and when the money is obtained and the hand reaches under the coat for the weapon, it is you that is at the point of committing cold-blooded murder and, as for one, here is where I stop.

In talking over the literary art of *Crime and Punishment* with a friend, he interrupted his remarks with the comment, "Of course, as to what happens afterwards, I am quoting only from a summary of the book; when the second murder was committed, I could not read on. You may think it funny -"

"No," I replied, "I don't think it funny. I quit when the first crime was about to be committed."

A long story might be told but I would have to speak from hearsay, about the rest of the book. The point is that this perfect crime is broken open because Roskolnik's conscience begins to work and he gives himself away. This book is required reading for every policeman's school in the world, I am told, because of its notable presentation of the criminal plotting a perfect crime and then giving himself away. I still think I should read somewhere in the middle of the book and to the end, to find out just how Roskolnik betrayed himself.

NEXT TO SEEING GHOSTS

It is said that next to seeing a ghost yourself, reading of Henry James' *Turning of the Screw* is about the most terrifying experience in the spectral realm. So much was hinted in a review which I read years ago. I haven't quite had the nerve since to read this masterpiece of spine-chilling horror. You would never expect it from Henry James, author of *The Awkward Age* and *The Ambassadors.* He wrote *The Turn of the Screw* about 1900, the ripe fruit of his genius as a story-teller. Just in case you have not seen the dramatic version, *The Innocents,* this spring showing in a Broadway playhouse, and in case you have missed the picturized story of the play in *Life,* here is the simple plot. Two children, a boy and a girl, are living in an old mansion

under the care of a governess and a housekeeper. Two rather ill-behaved servants of the family, a man and a woman, had died and their ghosts are now at work attempting to seduce the children into every form of wickedness. The plot comes to a head when the older people in the story discover that the children are actually having acquaintanceship and a certain amount of companionship, even familiarity, with the ghosts. The precise moment when this discovery is first made is said to contain more concentrated horror than the goriest story of crime. Finally the little girl is rescued but the boy loses his life under the malevolent influence of one of the spectres.

If anyone of the readers has his or her imagination under better control than the party responsible for the Astrolabe, this column would like to hear from such for the benefit of this easy victim of spinal chills. He would like to know just how the little girl escaped, and how the boy was killed by the spectre.

TRUTH MORE CHILLING THAN FICTION

During 1948 I read a review of Eugene Kogon's *Der SS Staat* which encouraged me to believe that here was first-hand information of the methods in vogue in the Nazi concentration camps. The book was written immediately after the war and appeared in 1946. The author had himself been an inmate of various camps, being "one of the few who had escaped from this hellish system alive." The bookshops in Stuttgart were sold out on this item but in a small suburb of the city I obtained a copy. It is quite safe to say that no such record of wickedness and inhuman disregard for every moral impulse has been written. The SS stands for Schutz-Staffel, which means elite guard, the special order of police which had been inaugurated to destroy the enemies of Naziism in the concentration camps begun by Himmler, Heydrich, men responsible for the cruel liquidation not of hundreds of thousands but of millions, not as a war measure but long years before Germany was at war (1933). The chapters in Kogon's book deal with the external arrangements of the concentration camps, their inner organization, the daily program, sanitary arrangements. Throughout they mention names, places, dates, and other detail obtained by Kogon during his imprisonment and later from the records captured by General Patton's army. On page 186 Kogon begins the story of that inhuman monster who brought horrors to a climax

in Buchenwald, a man by the name of Sommer. Then follow pages upon pages of detail of the most blood-curdling atrocities committed on defenseless and innocent men and women, and the story headed up in this little paragraph:

In his living quarters Sommer had a human skull placed under strong illumination. Towards evening he would sometimes get one of his victims from the prison cells and carried out the "liquidation" of such persons in his own room. He would then push the corpse under his bed and would then retire to sleep, well satisfied with the day's work. Next morning some of the officials assigned to the transportation of corpses would be summoned who would then remove the cadaver and carry it to the cremation ovens.

While not quite up to the standards of the phantasmagoria of horrors described in preceding chapters, for some reason I quit here on page 190, about half way through the book.

Fortunately, there is no law compelling anyone to finish a book.

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Johann Sebastian Bach

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

Two hundred years ago—on July 28, 1750—the sightless eyes of one of music's mightiest prophets were closed in death. Three days later the body of the great master was committed to the earth in the *Johanniskirche* cemetery beyond the east wall of the city of Leipzig.

Johann Sebastian Bach had spent a few months more than sixty-five years on this earth. He had wrought many miracles in music—miracles that are a never failing source of amazement, joy, edification, and profit.

Bach lives on and on in his compositions. Music has learned much from him. It will continue to be in his debt as long as the world stands. The genius of Bach was, and remains, inexhaustible.

Innumerable tributes are being paid these days to the memory and to the greatness of Bach; but let us not forget that we honor his achievements and his lasting influence most fittingly and most profitably by digging and delving humbly, reverently, and diligently in the rich mine of beauty he bequeathed to us.

It is no exaggeration to say that in our time Bach has become one of the most popular of all the great composers; but it would be rash to conclude that his unmistakable popularity in the concert halls of the world, in many churches, and in thousands of homes has reached its peak. The popularity of Bach will continue to grow. Although his music bears more than one imprint of the age in which it was created, it is timeless in its value. Today we call it old music from a strictly chronological point of view; but the more we study it, the more keenly we realize that it is perpetually new.

Explorers are invariably overjoyed by any valuable discoveries they make. Those who search the works of Bach never fail to have

a similar feeling of exhilaration, for they are bound to come upon something which, for one reason or another, is entirely new to them.

Yes, Bach continues to afford humble and sincere students the joy and the thrills that are part and parcel of a penchant for discovery.

Show me a scholar, so called, who believes and professes that he has brought to light everything there is to be discovered in the *Goldberg Variations,* in the *Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue,* in the *Italian Concerto,* in the *Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor,* in the *St. Matthew Passion,* in the *Mass in B Minor,* in *The Art of Fugue,* in *The Well-Tempered Clavier,* in the sacred and secular cantatas, or in any of the masterpieces from the miracle-working pen of Bach, and I will show you a fraud.

To me few persons in the world are more obnoxious than those who imagine that they have noted and fathomed every element of greatness in the music of Bach. One must approach this master's legacy with deep-felt humility. The vast greatness of Bach demands humbleness of spirit on the part of those who undertake to explore and discuss it.

I do not pretend to be a Bach specialist. That term is bandied about entirely too freely in our time. In many instances it is tragically misapplied.

I know that one must use the expression "Bach specialist" when speaking of Philipp Spitta, who has given us a monumental biography of Bach, and of Albert Schweitzer, whose writings on the master reveal deep-reaching and awe-inspiring scholarship. Charles Sanford Terry, Sir Hubert Hastings Parry, and other eminent explorers and guides in the wonderland created by Bach deserve in every way to be called Bach specialists; but when the term is employed without good reason, one is inclined to say, "Throw the expression 'Bach specialist' into the ashcan. It can be woefully misleading."

The observance of the 200th anniversary of the death of Bach has induced me to study anew the music of the mighty master. I know that I am unable to discuss the great man's works with authoritativeness, but I can speak out of the abundance of a Bach-loving heart and on the basis of long and close association with many of the master's compositions.

Journey of Discovery

It has been said again and again that Bach's music runs the entire gamut of human emotions. This is true. But what does the statement mean to you and

MEDIEVAL RUSSIAN CHURCHES

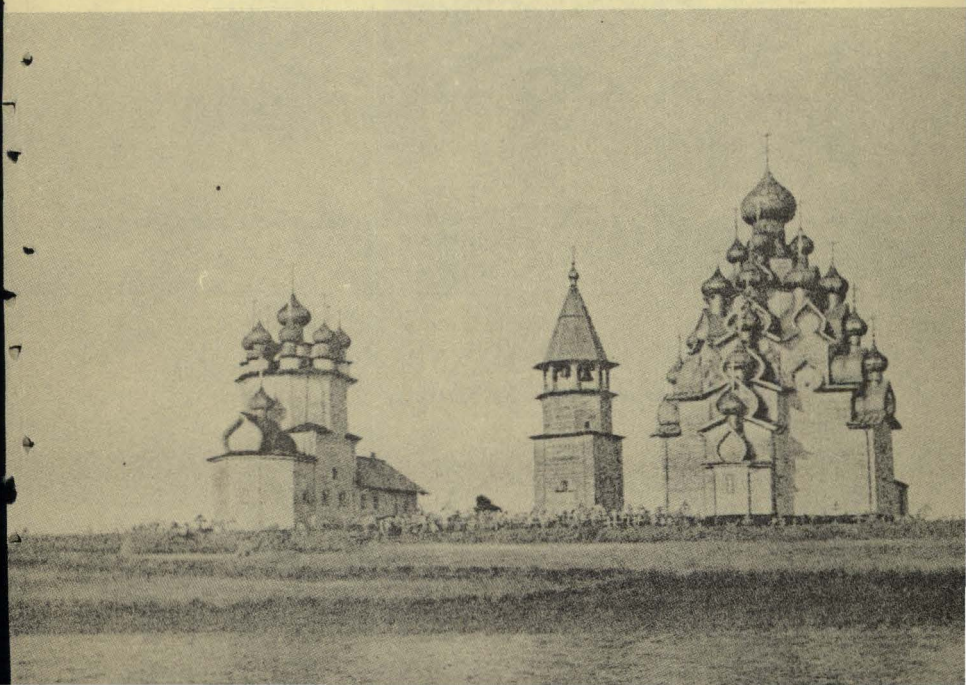
Moscow – Red Square, Church of Basil the Blest

MEDIEVAL RUSSIAN CHURCHES

Yaroslavl – St. John the Baptist, west view

MEDIEVAL RUSSIAN CHURCHES

Kizhi – Wooden churches and belfry



MEDIEVAL RUSSIAN CHURCHES

Suzdal – Cathedral of the Nativity of the Virgin

MEDIEVAL RUSSIAN CHURCHES

Vladimir – St. Dmitri

MEDIEVAL RUSSIAN CHURCHES

Vladimir (Bogolyubovo) – Church on the Nerl River

MEDIEVAL RUSSIAN CHURCHES

Novgorod – St. Sophia

MEDIEVAL RUSSIAN CHURCHES

Kiev — Church of the Assumption

to me unless we ourselves have actually experienced its truth in our own hearts and in our own minds? Exactly nothing.

Come with me, therefore, on a little journey of discovery. Let us do some exploring in the far-flung Bachian realm. We shall traverse only a small amount of the territory, it is true; but we shall be paying our respects humbly and reverently to one of the greatest of the great in music.

You have heard that Bach was a master of the art of expressing tragedy. Listen to the concluding chorus of the *St. Matthew Passion.* Note the marvelous craftsmanship. Even if you have no interest whatever in observing the technical means which Bach employed to suggest the mood of grief, you will find yourself plunged into deep sorrow when you hear this chorus. Bach, you see, had the power to communicate to others the emotions he himself felt.

The Savior has been crucified. His body has been laid in the tomb. This is dark tragedy. But there is comfort for those who have faith. In the concluding chorus of the *St. Matthew Passion* Bach gives poignant expression to the deep gloom of Good Friday. At the same time he points pertinently and unmistakably to the coming resurrection of the buried Lord. The words and the music are welded together with breathtaking artistry.

Compare the final chorus of the *St. Matthew Passion* with the conclusion of the *St. John Passion.* In both outpourings there is piercing tragedy. But note how different the two choruses are. Both are great masterpieces, and one should think twice before venturing to pronounce the one superior in its effectiveness to the other. Nevertheless, the conclusion of the *St. Matthew Passion* reveals, in my opinion, a surer and more extensive command of technical resources than one finds in the final chorus of the *St. John Passion.*

Bach grew in his greatness. He composed the music for the *St. John Passion* during the winter of 1722-23, before he left the service of Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cöthen to take up his studies at Leipzig. He put forth his best efforts when he wrote, and those efforts were conceived and born in a rocklike faith as well as in impressive technical skill. While Bach was serving as *Kapellmeister* at Cöthen, circumstances forced him to devote a large part of his composing to secular works. I myself am convinced that this was fortunate. Why? Because it gave Bach a wonderful opportunity to extend and amplify the technical resources at his command and because he used his great ability to enrich the field of secular music.

Like all composers, Bach found it necessary to experiment. He grew constantly in knowledge even though he wrote much imperishable music in his early manhood. Bach served his art in all humility. He knew that persistent application was bound to lead to improvement.

The *St. Matthew Passion* was presented for the first time in 1729. Six years had elapsed since the completion of the *St. John Passion*. Meanwhile, Bach had grown in skill. It would be rash in the extreme for anyone to declare that every part of the *St. Matthew Passion* is superior to every part of the *St. John Passion;* but when one compares the *St. Matthew Passion* as a whole with the *St. John Passion* as a whole, one must admit, I believe, that in 1729 Bach created a greater setting of the passion story than he had written in 1722-23.

Let us listen to another expression of deep tragedy. It is the *Crucifixus* in the *Mass in B Minor*. Fix your attention on the ground bass. Whenever you hear a reading of the *Crucifixus,* pay close attention to the manner in which the conductor deals with the *basso ostinato*. If he fails to give it pertinent and clearly discernible emphasis, you know at once that his understanding of the *Crucifixus* is woefully meager.

The orchestral introduction to the *St. Matthew Passion,* with its simple but masterfully employed ground bass, gives us another striking example of Bach's ability to express tragedy. This is art at its greatest. Bach's genius was all-inclusive.

The Secular Field

As we proceed on our journey of discovery, let us bear in mind that we must explore secular as well as sacred works from the fecund and facile pen of Bach. It would be a mistake to search the one field without traversing and investigating the other.

We shall find that sadness and seriousness are suggested in many of Bach's secular compositions. Think of the first movement of the magnificent *Partita for Violin Alone, in A Minor*. Consider the *Largo* of the *Concerto No. 5, in F Minor, for Clavier and Orchestra*. Some scholars are inclined to believe that this noble melody originated in the fertile brain of Antonio Vivaldi, the Red Priest of Venice, and was appropriated and re-arranged by Bach. They may be right. Who can be sure? Nevertheless, Bach treated the thematic material with far more skill than the Italian, by whose ability he set great store, had at his command. If he actually took the melody of the *Largo*—and the entire concerto—from Vivaldi, he

made the music his very own. As we study the writings of the master, let us not forget that on more than one occasion he used melodic material taken from other composers.

Those who are sure that the *Largo* of the concerto I have mentioned is distinctively Bachian in origin can point to the similar slow movement of the *Toccata and Fugue in C Minor* for organ, which was written during the composer's Weimar period (1708-1717).

If you set out to look for well-being, happiness, and sheer fun in the music of Bach, you will find these qualities in profuse abundance. Since our journey is brief, we can point to only a few examples. Listen to the dance music Bach wrote. Turn to the glorious *Fugue* in the *Partita for Violin Alone, in A Minor.* It will remind you of the *Fugue in C Minor* in the first volume of *The Well-Tempered Clavier.* Think of the rollicking and down-to-earth *Peasant Cantata.* Here Bach employs folk music with extraordinary skill and effectiveness. Listen to parts of the monumental and epoch-making *Goldberg Variations.*

To me the third movement of the *Sonata No. 1, for Clavier and Flute, in C Major* suggests hilarious laughter, and the unforgettable *Siciliano* in the *Sonata No. 4, in B Minor, for Violin and Clavier* conveys the mood of peaceful serenity.

Bach was a master of the art of contrast. Consider the four-part *Trio* of his *Musical Offering,* a work which, according to a letter written by the composer himself on July 7, 1747, was based on a theme given to him by Frederick the Great.

If you are inclined to say, "I can't believe that Bach could ever be pompous," listen to the first movement of the *Italian Concerto.* I venture to suspect that if you did not know that this music came from the pen of Bach, many of its phrases would induce you to assert that it was written by Handel.

Pay attention to the mood of pensiveness expressed in the second movement of the *Italian Concerto,* and, as you fix your attention on the third part, with its vivid suggestion of happiness, bear in mind again that Bach knew the value of sharp contrasts.

We shall find majesty in the mighty *Prelude and Fugue in E Flat Major (St. Anne's),* for organ, the work which Ferruccio Busoni transcribed in a truly majestic manner for the piano and which Arnold Schönberg arranged for the modern symphony orchestra. Remember, please, that as we journey through Bachland we should not turn up our noses at

all transcriptions of the master's works. Some transcriptions are good, some are poor. I consider it the height of pedantry to sneer automatically and angrily, as some scholars and pseudo-scholars do, at every arrangement of Bach's music for instruments and combinations of instruments different from those designated by the composer himself. Bach, too, was a transcriber. It is altogether safe to say that he would do much transcribing if he were alive today. Good transcriptions can, and do, serve a helpful purpose—in spite of the snorting of the pedants.

Did Bach ever rhapsodize in his music? Did his writing ever foreshadow the romantic school of composition? It did. Listen to his *Fantasy in C Minor for Clavier.* Can anyone prove conclusively that Bach must be ignored when, in deference to the pigeonhole method of studying, we talk about the so-called romantic school of writing?

Do you want another illustration of Bach's "romanticism"? Listen to the *Fantasia* of the *Fantasia and Fugue in G Minor* for organ. The *Fantasia* sounds like an improvisation. Here Bach is rhapsodizing. As you revel in the *Fugue* of this great work, you will realize keenly that Bach knew how to have fun—even when he made use of a minor key.

One could cite many examples to show that the so-called romantic movement is clearly adumbrated, and even anticipated, in Bach; but I shall refer to only one additional illustration. It is the haunting and seldom heard *Trio No. 2, in C Major, for Cembalo, Violin and Flute.*

[TO BE CONTINUED]

RECENT RECORDINGS

BÉLA BARTÓK. *Sonata for Violin Solo.* Yehudi Menuhin, violinist.—A great work by a great master. This magnificent composition is worthy in every way of being mentioned in the same breath with the wonderful partitas which Johann Sebastian Bach wrote for the violin alone. Bartók completed the sonata in 1944 in Asheville, North Carolina, a few months before his death. Menuhin's performance is breathtaking and authoritative. RCA Victor WDM-1350.

GUSTAVE CHARPENTIER. *Depuis le jour,* from *Louise.* JULES MASSENET. *Gavotte,* from *Manon.* Dorothy Kirsten, soprano, with the RCA Victor Orchestra under Jean Paul Morel.—On this disc Miss Kirsten sings very well indeed. RCA Victor 49-0840.

DARIUS MILHAUD. *Scaramouche: Suite for Two Pianos.* Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff, duo-pianists. —A virile performance of a fascinating work from the pen of one of the outstanding composers of today. RCA Victor 49-0839.

MAURICE RAVEL. *Vocalise (Pièce en forme de Habanera).* FÉLICIEN CÉSAR DAVID. *Charmant oiseau,* from *La Perle du Brésil.* Blanche Thebom, mezzo-soprano, with William Hughes at the piano.—Here a voice unusually opulent in its texture does the bidding of artistry of a high order. RCA Victor 49-0843.

OPERATIC ARIAS BY ROBERT MERRILL. The famous baritone, with the RCA Victor Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler, sings the *Prologue* to Ruggiero Leoncavallo's *I Pagliacci; Il balen del suo sorriso,* from Verdi's *Il Trovatore; Eri tu?* from Verdi's *The Masked Ball; Cortigiani, vil razza dannata,* from Verdi's *Rigoletto; Il cavallo scalpita,* from Pietro Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana; Credo,* from Verdi's *Otello.* Artistry and recording are excellent. RCA Victor WDM-1351.

The New Books

Unsigned reviews are by the Associates

Life of Greasepaint Comes Alive in Tale of Touring Stock Companies

NEXT WEEK—"EAST LYNNE!"* is a racy, hilarious tale of a period in theatrical history when the touring stock company was the most popular form of entertainment. The narrative offers a gay experience to the reader as he follows the adventures of Miss Hurlbut from her debut as an extra in *Rebecca* to the height of her career as leading lady in the prominent stock companies of thirty years ago. Anecdotes that are amusing, whimsical, tender, and at times tragic characterize the author and the men and women of whom she writes. They tell of the little triumphs, the thwarted ambitions, the heartbreaking failures. They reveal what is cheap and tawdry but also what is generous and heroic in the life of theatrical people.

In this story of a career, we find also an abundance of documentary detail that enriches the theatrical history of a period that has ended. Notes on make-up, costuming, cueing, line learning, and rehearsal schedules fascinate the student of the theater. In her informal way, Miss Hurlbut recalls that ". . . There were rabbit's feet to spread on your dry rouge and big cans of cold cream that looked like lard. There were little iron pans with holders in which to melt your wax over a candle so you could bead your eyelashes. Every lash carried a big load of wax on it then! The face powders had wonderful names for their different shades: 'Juvenile—flesh' and 'Character—old man.'"

In the days of the stock companies the actors had to buy their own costumes. For the sake of economy, Miss Hurlbut tells us that she bought as many white clothes as she could "so that they could be dyed twice. When the season was new I was always very bridey in white. . . . Then towards Christmas, I went in for pastels, tinting my whites into Nile green and pink and pale blue. Come Easter I turned out in henna and brown and purple. I had a running battle with the electrician because he cared more

*NEXT WEEK—"EAST LYNNE!" By Gladys Hurlbut. E. P. Dutton, New York. 1950. 254 pages. $3.00.

for the scenic artist than he did for me and he'd shade all his 'foots' and 'babies' in a horrible yellow isinglass. This softened the walls and furniture but it took all the red from my hair and the color from my clothes. In stock, it was Forever Amber!"

An interesting chapter tells of an engagement at the Great Northern in Chicago. Edith Ellis believed that the average vaudeville audience could enjoy the best plays written IF they were not warned in advance that the plays had anything to do with Art. The school system had frightened them away from the play "that was billed as making use of material above the worst." And so she had convinced the men of the Great Northern to "sneak them in between the vaudeville acts in her own condensed versions of famous plays." It worked, too, for those who came to see the jugglers and the animal acts remained to see Molière, Ibsen, and Shakespeare.

But what a grueling life! In Miss Hurlbut's words, "It was necessary to hold a mirror before an actor's mouth when he was not working to see whether he still breathed. And no wonder, because the policy of the theater demanded four performances a day, seven days a week, and a new one every Monday!" The fear of forgetting lines was always present. "Panic is catching and sometimes we would be like runaway horses, plunging across the play and leaping right over into another act in our flight. . . . There was an old story we'd tell about the actor who whispered into the wings, 'What's the line?' and after a dead wait, a voice answered, 'What's the play?' " Miss Hurlbut has played over three hundred leading parts in dramas, comedies, farces, mysteries.

Briefly evaluating this type of theater, the author says, "Stock was a vital form of entertainment, not an elegant one. New England audiences brought us tribute and I think we gave them release from their small desperations. They would as soon have missed each play as Christmas."

And so an epoch which has now closed comes to life for us in the vivid pages of a book written in an abandoned, careless style by a woman who understood and loved the gaudy existence of those whose destiny lay in stock.

In the last glowing chapter we are given a picture of Broadway—the Broadway that after fifteen years of retirement welcomed the old trouper to the venerable stage of the Empire Theatre as Bessie in *Life With Mother*. Nowhere does the author's warm, exuberant personality color so richly the pages of her book as when she describes the "flowering process" of the year's greatest comedy. In a sense the definition given her by an old director is an appropriate comment on Gladys Hurlbut, the writer:

> That's what a star does when she acts. She lays her own quality over her characterization and when the quality's good enough, she's a star.

VERA T. HAHN

Biography

SHAKESPEARE OF LONDON

By Marchette Chute. E. P. Dutton and Co., New York. 1949. 397 pages. $4.00.

THIS book, Miss Chute tells us in her foreword, "is an attempt to show William Shakespeare as his contemporaries saw him, rather than as the gigantic and legendary figure he has become since." For that reason, it is based entirely on contemporary documents; no evidence that is dated later than 1635 was used. The best documents we have concerning what Shakespeare thought and felt are, of course, the various editions of his plays and poems, but Miss Chute's book "does not concern the part of Shakespeare that was immortal and for all time. It concerns only the part of him that was mortal and belonged to the Elizabethan age." Since contemporary documents concerning Shakespeare, other than his works, are few and far between, the author is usually found skipping along "the primrose path of conjecture" so far as actual facts concerning Shakespeare's life are concerned. She finds frequent use for expressions such as "if," "probable," "it has been suggested that," "it is likely that," and "Shakespeare would have had many opportunities to." Since she offers practically no documentation, it is impossible to evaluate not only her conjectures but also her statements of fact.

But, for all that, Miss Chute's volume is both delightful and valuable. It is not really a book about "Shakespeare of London," but rather a book about "The London of Shakespeare." As a popular social history of the London in which Shakespeare wrote and acted, it leaves little to be desired. Anyone interested in Shakespeare's works will be especially delighted by the vivid picture the volume gives of London theaters and people connected with them. Chapter Seven, which attempts "to reconstruct in a general way" how *Romeo and Juliet* was made ready for its first performance, is worth more than the price of the book.

WALTER G. FRIEDRICH

CESAR FRANCK

By Norman Demuth. Philosophical Library, New York. 1949. 288 pages. Illustrated. $4.75.

BOOKS dealing with the life and the achievements of César Franck have been few in number and, on the whole, more or less unsatisfactory. Before the publication of Norman Demuth's excellent study of the famous composer the work written by Vincent d'Indy was by far the best. D'Indy had sat at the feet of Franck and, in consequence, could write on the basis of close association and friendship. But his biography lacks the dispassionate approach which is clearly in evidence in Demuth's volume.

Demuth has given us far more than a biography of the man who, as he says, must be called one of the founders of modern music. He discusses Franck's antecedents with pene-

trating scholarship, appraises the master's contemporaries with keen insight, and shows that the Belgian-born French composer exercised a far-reaching influence. "What Berlioz did for the orchestra," writes Demuth, "and Wagner for the theater, so did Franck for symphonic music."

The author asserts that the heritage of Bach and Beethoven descended upon Franck. But he is quick to add that "there is no implication that his [Franck's] music is as great as theirs." He points out that "the greatness of Bach and Beethoven lies in their infinite variety" and that "Franck was limited in range of expression and in technique."

Franck was a Bachite in the true sense of the word. But there were fundamental differences between the two men. Bach, says Demuth, used the fugue "to express the deepest emotions he felt." Franck, on the other hand, employed fugue subjects which "cannot in any way be compared with those of Bach and for the reason that they are very Gallic in nature." Yet the two men had much in common. Demuth says:

> The life of Franck offers a parallel with that of Bach. Both men lived a humdrum existence; both were confined to organ lofts for their living and both were compelled to teach all their lives; both had indifferent material upon which to work; their choirs were amateur and they had to write for whatever resources lay to hand.

The value of Demuth's book is greatly enhanced by illuminating analyses of Franck's works.

THE OTHER CITY

By John J. Espey. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1950. 211 pages. $2.75.

NINETEEN glimpses of Shanghai through the admiring eyes of a Presbyterian missionary's son who was born and raised in that exotic city. In *Minor Heresies* and *Tales Out of School,* John Espey wrote mostly of his pre-school years in China. Now, in *The Other City,* he describes his minor adventures as a student at the Shanghai American School, between 1919 and the middle 20's. But this is not just another chronicle of school life, it is also the story, humorously told, of the human side of one of the strangest cities in the world.

Writing with humor and gentle satire, in a style that can best be described as "charming," Espey develops the small incidents of his childhood so completely and wisely that he produces an atmospheric picture of Shanghai with each story. His approach to the city is affectionate rather than sentimental which makes this book all the more readable. A few of the sketches in this volume appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*

LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE TO WILLIAM GRAHAM

Edited by John Graham, Jr. Princeton University Press, Princeton. 1950. 86 pages. $2.50.

THIS thin book, illustrated with pen-and-ink sketches, contains 17 letters linked by a running commen-

tary and an essential introduction. The editor is the great-great nephew of the Glasgow merchant to whom Carlyle wrote them during three decades from 1820 to 1849.

Although Graham was twice Carlyle's years at the start of this warmly affectionate correspondence (doubtless the letters of Graham to Carlyle would make an interesting book, too), both men shared the same birthplace, the village Ecclefechan in Dumfriesshire. There were mutual associations and friends and troubles. Never before published, these letters from the Sage of Chelsea reveal this traditionally stern Victorian Scotsman in a new light. Covering the period before the completion of his great book, *The French Revolution,* they add to our knowledge of his early literary career as reflected against the background of his day-to-day life on the family farm: plagued by an unruly digestion, worried over money, rejected by his first love and then finding contentment, initiating numerous writing projects, and the like.

What I like best is the indomitable spirit Carlyle reveals throughout. This sample will show likewise the beautiful language.

> There is a portion of sorrow tempered by a portion of joy peculiar to the fate of every man; and no man can say with safety, my own share of either is greater than another's. . . . I reflect too that it does no good at all to sit speculating on our fortunes; it is better far to use and gird up our loins and see what can be done to mend it.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

Criticism

JAMES JOYCE: His Way of Interpreting the Modern World

By W. Y. Tindall. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1950. 126 pages. $2.00.

TINDALL has prepared here a handbook to help readers understand Joyce's writings: "He is difficult, to be sure, but only as those who have many things to say are difficult. There is no sign in his work of wilfull obscurity. Like Beethoven and Picasso he advanced from the simple to the complex as he adapted his method to expanding needs." As Tindall points out, Joyce's works as a whole compose a design; each book is a re-elaboration at a new level of the motifs in the foregoing. *Dubliners,* a collection of short stories, gives scattered facts about the Dublin scene. *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* reinterprets these as materials in the maturing mind of the young man Stephen Daedalus (Daedalus, the fabulous artificer). As the mind of the artist matures, it comes to include all the data of humankind, and *Ulysses,* presenting the young artist's twenty-four-hour search for a father, presents as relevant aspects of this theme almost every possible fact of human life. *Finnegan's Wake,* a night's phantasmagoric dream, attempts to fuse not only all relationships, but all ages and all civilizations. These last two books are built up largely of symbols, which unite similar referents of different levels. Thus, "Anna Livia Plurabelle" symbolizes variously Anna, the wife of

a Dubliner, Earwicker, who serves as the central figure of *Finnegan's Wake;* the rivers Anna and Liffey, which flow through Dublin; and all womankind and femalekind, for this is one occult meaning of river symbols. Furthermore, as a river, it stands for the age-old concept of the flow of time. Thus Joyce writes "vertically" —the reader moves forward less than he probes deeper. In using this technique, Joyce is working in terms of modern psychological findings regarding the importance that human beings attach, sometimes consciously, sometimes subconsciously, to the objects and persons that they encounter throughout life.

THE EYE LISTENS

By Paul Claudel. Translated from French by Elsie Pell. Philosophical Library, New York. 1950. 288 pages. $5.00.

PAUL CLAUDEL is probably the most thinking poet, artist, writer on our present literary horizon. His recent volume on poetic theory has in a few years become a slogan among contemporary poets, and it is easy to see in *The Eye Listens* the same precious and precocious strain, the same primitive sensitivity, the same impact-by-particulars as mark his other work. Claudel chooses his subjects with ultimate freedom and ultimate discipline—writes about Dutch painting, sickness, Honegger, pearls, cathedrals, bones, the Psalms, Christianity—with most rare accuracy, most disconcerting awareness. About the Dutch painters:

> It would . . . be impossible to deny that . . . there existed in the soul of the people living between the Scheldt and the Maas, a certain pronounced and definite taste for the immediate realities and an appetite for feasting their eyes on it without delay, like children who offer themselves a marionette show. The illuminations of the Middle Ages, the paintings of the Primitives and those of Brueghel, Jordaens and Teniers bear witness to this approval, to this genial sympathy, to the rather fatiguing enthusiasm with which the Flemish people have never ceased to observe the amusing life that surrounds them and the good earth that gives them beer and bacon.

And there is more than artistic insight running through this book: Paul Claudel's awareness of God in the yellows and blues and Steens. Always grasping for the word to give witness to "a common ground between God and us," the tireless French poet has found things which are as invaluable as the art he examines.

> Nevertheless, I have understood a little! This temple which has taken me in for a few precious moments . . . is Bethel, it is God's habitation with man; and this limitless and diverse splendor that surrounds me, this space made up entirely of motes, this silent activity, in full daylight like that of the starry sky —all this is Grace. . . .

Paul Claudel is one who has been willing to cut through the scraping of tin for the soft voice of divine origin.

WALTER RIESS

Fiction

BURMESE DAYS

By George Orwell. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. First published, 1934; new edition, 1950. 287 pages. $3.00.

WHEN George Orwell (Eric Blair) died early this year of tuberculosis at the untimely age of 46, the English-speaking world lost a distinguished social critic and writer. His recent bitter satire on the police state, *Nineteen Eighty-Four,* caused readers who had not yet read *Animal Farm, Down and Out in Paris and London, Dickens, Dali and Others,* and *Burmese Days* to seek out these earlier works. Orwell was well fitted to write about Burma, for he was born in Bengal, where his father was in the Civil Service, and after attending Eton he went to Burma to serve for five years in the Imperial Police.

The theme of the novel is snobbishness—the stupid mind that prefers not to understand, the ungenerous heart that prefers not to love. The stone wall between the British and the Burmese is shown by Orwell to be merely one manifestation of more extensive barriers—those between social classes at home and between men and women. Through his "public school" years and through fifteen subsequent years in Burma, John Flory, a lumber agent, has become disgusted and embittered by group pressure requiring him to join in the brutality, a form of spiritual degeneration that is hastened in Burma by the climate. In defiance of the club and the code of the "pukka sahib" or glorified White Man, he has chosen as his best friend a Burmese doctor, with whom he discusses the sham of the White Man's Burden: ". . . before we've finished we'll have wrecked the whole Burmese national culture. But we're not civilizing them, we're only rubbing our dirt onto them."

In his desperate loneliness for someone who can share his ideas of beauty, of literature, of justice—subjects taboo at the club—he immediately idealizes a young English girl, Elizabeth, when she arrives on a visit, and, despite her brutal discourtesy to the "natives" and her obvious shallowness, he tries to convey to her his thoughts. But her education has taught her to shun and fear art and liberal thought; it has led her to materialism and vulgarity and has frozen her heart.

THE GENTLE INFIDEL

By Lawrence Schoonover. The Macmillan Company. 1950. 304 pages. $3.00.

LAWRENCE SCHOONOVER has chosen a dramatic and critical period in world history as the background for his second novel. In the early years of the fifteenth century Christendom girded itself for a desperate stand against a hated infidel invader. Under the brilliant leadership of a succession of able and aggressive rulers the Ottoman Empire had become powerful and important. Meanwhile, the once great Roman Empire of the East, commonly called the Byzantine Empire, "had been drying up like a puddle in the sun." The fall of Con-

stantinople, in 1453, marked the final dissolution of the shrunken and despoiled Byzantine Empire.

The Gentle Infidel tells the story of a Christian youth's adventures in the Turkish Sultan's élite janissary corps. Michael da Montelupo was only twelve when he was forcibly—and illegally—enrolled in this famous organization. Under Moslem law the Christian youths recruited for service as janissaries were taught to become good Mohammedans. Michael, too, soon forgot his early Christian training and became a devout follower of the Prophet. Eventually he was reunited with long-lost friends and was reconverted to the faith of his fathers.

The Gentle Infidel is colorful and exciting. It has more substance and is more skilfully fashioned than many of the so-called historical novels which have glutted the literary market in recent years. Mr. Schoonover's first book, *The Burnished Blade,* a Literary Guild selection in 1948, won warm praise from readers and reviewers.

HEAR MY HEART SPEAK

By Charlotte Paul. Julian Messner, Inc., New York. 1950. 272 pages. $3.00.

On a fresh, golden morning in the spring of 1918 the railway station at Dyersville, Wisconsin, was crowded. Everyone in the little town had turned out to welcome home eighteen-year-old Spence Atkins. Spence had been the first of the Dyersville boys to "go off to war," and he was the first to return. Since Spence "never had liked to write," his parents had received only four letters from him while he was away. The last letter had come from Paris. In it Spence had written that he "was being shipped right up to the front, he didn't know exactly when, but for Mom not to worry." Then there was silence until a formal note from a Red Cross official attached to an overseas hospital informed Martha and John Atkins that their son had suffered "a minor injury" and that he would soon be on his way home.

A minor injury. Just what did it mean? This was the question which was asked over and over again by everyone in Dyersville. There were many wild guesses; but no one knew the answer until Spence, big, handsome, and without a single visible scar, pulled a pad and a pencil from his pocket and carefully wrote, "Mom, I can't speak. I lost my voice in the war." Spence was one of the hundreds of thousands of casualties for whom war does not end when the noise and the fury of battle have been stilled.

Hear My Heart Speak is the simple and appealing story of Spence's long, heartbreaking struggle to recover his voice. Charlotte Paul has captured the spirit and the color of the small American town with admirable success. She is an experienced writer and a seasoned newspaper woman. In addition to her newspaper work, she has contributed articles and stories to *Esquire, Coronet, McCall's, The Woman, Everybody's Digest,* and *Good Housekeeping. Hear My Heart Speak,* a Family Bookshelf selection for April, is Miss Paul's first novel.

THE CARDINAL

By Henry Morton Robinson. Simon and Schuster, New York. 1950. 579 pages. $3.50.

THE Reverend Stephen Fermoyle could only have breathed in the pen of a man who had romanticized his materials: *"As a writer,"* Robinson wrote, *"I was struck long ago by wonder and awe at the priest's function. In* The Cardinal *I have attempted to express these feelings."* From 1915 to 1940, Stephen grows out of his seminary into the cardinalship, quite cleverly and interestingly.

But there's something bad here. Stephen's advance is in the trappings of the Roman Church: he knows how to wiggle in the fish lines. Robinson does too. At his best, Robinson makes the machinery fade into silence, at his worst Robinson is lost in the machinery:

> Stephen approached the triple tier of candles blazing in fiery apostrophes before the little niche sheltering the figure of the Virgin. It was a tawdry chalk statue in the style prescribed by local taste and tradition. A gilt-pronged crown sat on the Virgin's head; beneath a face of serene purity, she held the nestling Infant in the hollow of her right arm, while her left index finger pointed toward the apex of her lily-crowned heart. Kneeling at the shrine, Stephen gazed upward at the statue.
>
> Blood-red drops falling from the Virgin's heart were splashing in a tiny pool at the base of the statue.
>
> "If I could only dip my finger into that stuff," thought Stephen.

Librarians are going to love this book. WALTER RIESS

THE WORKS OF GOD

By Giuseppe Berto. Translated from Italian by Angus Davidson. New Directions, Norfolk, Conn. 1950. 224 pages. $1.50.

THERE are four stories about war in this book. Its title is ironic: there is little work of God in the deserting of a poor farm before an enemy or the appointing of a soldier to go to his death. Berto, an Italian, wanted to give us the dark moods of the whole rotten business in *The Works of God:* ". . . it was frightening to hear them like that in the dark." ". . . summer always followed winter. . . ."

It is probably due to the translation that the moods are lost, and what remains are the words which have nothing much to do with anything more than pigs and guns. The translator did a good job, but somehow one feels ten miles from the story all the way. I think this is probably a very fine book, but only in its native dress, with all the private nuances and emotions and trivialities which its Italian poverty could communicate. WALTER RIESS

History

FAMOUS AMERICAN MARINES

Charles Lee Lewis. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 1950. 375 pages. $3.75.

PROFESSOR LEWIS of the United States Naval Academy has given his story the following subtitle: "An account of the corps: the exploits of officers and men on land, by air and sea from the decks of the *Bonhomme*

Richard to the summit of Mount Surabachi." The proud galaxy of Marine heroes is presented in chronological order. While none of these men of courage and valor has the affection of the American people and the glamor which the Corps itself has, the story of their deeds in battle is a noble record of devotion and sacrifice to their country in time of need. Those who served in the late war are of course the most familiar: Vandergrift at Guadalcanal; "Howlin' Mad" Smith at Tarawa, Saipan, and Iwo Jima; and Geiger, who took the Marines into the air.

Unfortunately the writing is pedestrian and somewhat in the manner of an official military report; nevertheless the exploits of unbelievable personal courage carry an excitement of their own. The famous *esprit de corps* of the American Marines is evident throughout, and there are also hints as to where it probably comes from. The most fitting commentary this reviewer has heard on the U. S. Marines was made by an Army sergeant who was not given to sentimentality or romance. He said upon his return from relieving the Marines at Guadalcanal that whenever he saw a Marine—any Marine—he felt he ought to tip his hat. But as he seldom wore a hat, now that he was a civilian, he settled for a short prayer instead. If this book were not about Marines it would be dull going. As it is, it will make the American reader walk just a little straighter, and may even cause him to emulate the Army sergeant when the occasion arises.

A. WEHLING

ROOSEVELT: FROM MUNICH TO PEARL HARBOR

By Basil Rauch. Creative Age Press, New York. 1950. $4.50.

BASIL RAUCH, head of the History Department at Barnard College-Columbia University, sets forth data and interpretations in his latest book on F. D. R. to add fuel to the fire already raging. The man in Tribune Tower, Chicago, jumped with excruciating pain at the publication of the book. According to the *Tribune's* reviewer (April 16, 1950), the author's constructive study in the formulation of a new American foreign policy for an interdependent world has only been "An Attempt to Whitewash the Record of Roosevelt." In the opinion of many, however, isolationist attitudes are not long for this world.

"But," says Rauch, "in this case an obituary would have been premature. Besides showing signs of life in the political arena since 1945, isolationism has found champions among historians, led by the late Dr. Charles A. Beard, who deny that internationalism vanquished their cause." Therefore, in addition to "A Constructive Study in the Creation of a Foreign Policy" (subtitle), the author also analyzes the Beard isolationist thesis with the intention of showing "that he has maintained it by distorting and excising the record." Contrary to the *Tribune's* views, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., of Harvard *(The Christian Science Monitor,* April 15, 1950) claims that Rauch has coldly destroyed Beard in dispassionate style.

It hardly seems possible that one

man could have led millions of Americans to war or that one man could have stopped them from going to war after Pearl Harbor. For years "Uncle Charlie" has pointed out the interdependence of the world and now this. In fairness to him he also hated war. More of us should. Regardless, when he joined the ranks of those who wanted a return to "America First and Last—Other Nations and Peoples Nowhere," he made a liar of the fellow who said, "Birds of a feather flock together."

VICTOR F. HOFFMAN

Humor

THE INDOOR BIRD WATCHER'S MANUAL

By Helen Ferril and Anne Folsom. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 1950. 64 pages. $1.00.

IF OUR authors don't quit portraying animals as human beings and vice versa, it won't be long before we all forget that there is a distinction. However, the market for such stuff seems still to be brisk and, fortunately, most of the books are amusing.

The present manual identifies a number of fairly common indoor birds, among them the Hairy-Chested Backslapper (Call: *Hy*-ya, Bub!), the Blue-Nosed Killjoy (Sinner! Sinner!), the Great Bald Ego (Kerhumph! Kerhumph!), and the Scarlet Teenager (So wha-aaaat?). Miss Folsom is guilty of the line drawings and Miss Ferrill of the text. Each bird is briefly described, the descriptions varying from highly amusing to embarrassingly strained.

This manual supplements, rather than complements, Audubon.

Religion and Philosophy

THE OLD TESTAMENT, Volume II

Translated by Msgr. Ronald Knox. Sheed and Ward, Inc., New York. 1604 pages. $5.00.

THE present volume completes Msgr. Knox's translation of the Bible. Previously he had published the New Testament and the Old Testament (Genesis to Esther). Volume II of the Old Testament includes the latter half plus the Apocrypha.

Every new translation of Scripture has been trumpeted as an event, with the result that it becomes harder and harder to persuade anybody that a new translation may actually be something truly noteworthy. As one who has doggedly ploughed through every translation he could lay his hands on, this reviewer is prepared to say that the Knox translation stands head and shoulders above them all.

All, that is, except the King James. And it is not just that the King James is familiar and intimately woven into the fabric of our life. The King James version just happens to be one of those unaccountable masterpieces that appear in literature and set a standard by which all subsequent literature must be judged. Against that standard, the Knox translation compares favorably but it still leaves something to be de-

sired. His language has the grandeur and sweep of the King James version, but it has also a disturbing artfulness which never stands between the reader of the King James version and the message. Knox, for instance, is unfortunately addicted to reversed sentence structures ("Loud is my cry unto the Lord") which, while they would contribute variety to the text if used sparingly, become quite annoying by their frequent repetition.

A second criticism which must be made of the translation is that its source is the Latin Vulgate, which is a notoriously shaky translation. Fortunately, Msgr. Knox does not tie himself completely to the Vulgate. Numerous footnotes indicate that where he doubted the accuracy of the Vulgate, he referred to the Massoretic text and to the Septuagint.

But such criticisms are not offered to detract from our original statement that this is an outstandingly good translation, combining better than any other we know the great literary qualities of the King James version and the fruits of research and understandings that have developed since the King James was translated. As an illustration, take the Knox translation of the twenty-third psalm:

> The Lord is my shepherd; how can I lack anything? He gives me a resting-place where there is pasture, and leads me out by cool waters, to make me live anew. As in honour pledged, by sure paths he leads me; what though I walk with the shadow of death all around me? Hurt I fear none, while thou art with me; thy rod, thy crook are my comfort. What though my enemies trouble me? Full in their view thou dost spread a banquet before me; richly thou dost anoint my head with oil, generous the cup that steals away my senses! All my life thy goodness pursues me; through the long years, the Lord's house shall be my dwelling-place.

The *London Times Literary Supplement,* which is not given to superlatives, gave the Knox translation a two-page discussion when it first appeared in England. Their reviewer stated that "for the general reader no other modern version approaches within measurable distance of Msgr. Knox's." That is exactly the opinion of this reviewer.

THE PERSON AND WORK OF CHRIST

By Benjamin Breckenridge Warfield. Edited by Samuel G. Craig. The Presbyterian and Reformed Publishing Company, Philadelphia. 1950. 575 pages. $4.50.

THIS is the second volume of a reprint of the principal writings of Benjamin Breckenridge Warfield. The first was published last year under the title *The Inspiration and Authority of the Bible,* containing the major articles of Warfield in defense of the Bible as the written word of God and as such the only infallible rule of faith and practice. The present publishers have obtained publication rights in all of the ten volumes of his collected writings published by the Oxford University Press.

The volume before us is divided into two parts. The first group of

writings deals with the person of Christ, especially with the incarnation; the second with the work of Christ as redeemer, covering the doctrine of the atonement. The purpose of all the essays is to show the difference between "genuine Christianity and its counterfeits or near-counterfeits."

Dipping into some of the more unusual topics, we were interested in *The Emotional Life of Our Lord.* Some of the human attributes of the God-man treated are compassion, indignation, anger, gladness, sorrow. In *Jesus' Alleged Confession of Sin* Warfield discusses the story of the rich young man, as found in all three synoptic gospels (Matthew 19, Mark 10, and Luke 18), especially the words of our Lord: "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God." Also here the author upholds the absolute sinlessness of the Son and His equality with the Father.

The wealth of footnotes from many sources, among which the writings of Calvin naturally are prominent, is proof of the wide reading of a great Bible scholar. Three sermons of Warfield are appended. Reading these "samples," we agree with another great preacher, Francis L. Patton, who characterizes Warfield's sermons as "models of the better sort of university preaching."

Dr. Warfield, who in 1886 succeeded the great Hodge as professor of Systematic Theology in Princeton Theological Seminary, occupied this position with great distinction until his death in 1921. Thus he labored in the heyday of negative Biblical criticism. His fearless and continuous defense of the fundamental truths of Scripture heartened and strengthened similar champions in the various Protestant camps, not only in his own Presbyterian and Reformed communions, but also in Lutheran, Baptist and other conservative denominations.

While the religious liberalism of the first part of our century has been generally discredited, assaults on our most holy faith are still being made, often in a very subtle way. Writings of men like Warfield are therefore up-to-date also at the turn of the half-century, and their reprinting will be welcomed by all lovers of the truth. The price for so large a book is moderate. The purchase and the reading of it will bring rich dividends.

CARL A. GIESELER

HIGHWAYS OF PHILOSOPHY

By Merle William Boyer. Muhlenberg Press, Philadelphia. 352 pages. $3.50.

THE author, professor at Carthage College, offers an introduction to philosophy to those who wish to orient themselves in this field, whether they be college students or not. He succeeds remarkably well in his undertaking, for he presents solid, well-selected material in clear, simple, and interesting form. After an introduction which maps out the field, the tools of philosophy (language, observation, and reason) are examined; then seven philosophical provinces are explored in connection with the teachings of outstanding thinkers in

each province (e.g., Kant in Epistemology; Kirkegaard in Philosophy of Religion); and finally there is a discussion of problems of philosophical living which call for moral decisions.

One purpose of the volume is that it may serve "as a handbook for the Christian who wishes to investigate the central problems of existence from a point of view that aims to be both philosophical and Christian." Well-written books of this type are rare indeed, and Prof. Boyer has come so close to writing such a book that we deeply regret to be unable to go along with him at some points. For one thing, he accepts evolution as a fact; and what he says of man's soul appears to us strange, nebulous, and confused. He says that "it is not something that we possess but an activity of God by which our personalities respond to God's creative power in such a way that he possesses us," and again, "This something is an unknown quantity which cannot be . . . separated from the body." Also, he calls man "an immortal soul created in the image of God as a psychophysical organism." This leaves us completely baffled. Does "original sin" mean only that man "is *potentially* a creator and carrier of disvalues"? Is it only a factor "which *tends* to make him sin deliberately and maliciously"? [our italics]. That we do not agree with every philosophical statement and evaluation that is made is to be expected and is of minor import. The fact remains that, with such reservations as those noted, we acclaim Prof. Boyer's book as a most able and creditable piece of work.

Science

SCIENCE IS A SACRED COW

By Anthony Standen. E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., New York. 1950. 221 pages. $2.75..

WITH an impish twinkle in his eye, author Standen, himself a scientist of repute, lets fly with a handful of darts at today's scientists and science educators—and Science which he alleges is a Sacred Cow to which they are kowtowing. His first missiles are aimed at what go by the names of scientific method and science education. Then he aims at the various divisions of science, proceeding from those which are least to those which are most vulnerable, in order, the physical sciences, biology, psychology, and the social sciences. As for the true science, mathematics, he can only lament because of her degraded position. Finally he warns that the cow which has done things *for* man is a beast which is to be feared because of the things she may do *to* man.

Because of the spirit of fun with which the author approaches the subject, his criticism of science is one which can be read with pleasure and readily understood—by scientists and laymen alike. Most readers will agree that many of his criticisms are well deserved. A significant statement of the author's attitude toward science is put in the words,

> The first purpose of science is to learn about God, and admire Him, through His handiwork. If any usefulness comes in—as it does in large quantities—why, so much the better. If scien-

tists looked upon their work in this way, they would cease to worship Science, and they would be the better scientists for it.

Unfortunately there is inherent in the author's casual attitude, rambling style, and potshot attacks a fuzzy logic. Many a reader may for this reason not take the book as seriously as it deserves.

CARL H. KREKELER

Sociology

LEAVES FROM A RUSSIAN DIARY—and Thirty Years After

By Pitirim A. Sorokin. The Beacon Press, Boston. 1950. 346 pages. $3.50.

THE main portion of this book is a reprint of a diary kept by the noted Harvard sociologist during the early phases of the Russian revolution (1917-22) and first published in 1924. It is a vivid eyewitness account, beginning with the disorders in Petrograd that led to the overthrow of the monarchy and following the course of events as the efforts of the moderate party, led by Kerensky, to establish a republic were defeated by the cynical brutality of the Bolsheviki, who ruthlessly forced through their dictatorship. Sorokin, who had been a revolutionary and Kerensky's secretary, was imprisoned and barely escaped with his life, being banished in 1922. Sorokin's scientific training and his prominence gave him unusual opportunity to observe and judge what was taking place, thereby making his account one of lasting historical value.

In the sequel to the diary, *Thirty Years After,* that author has the satisfaction of pointing out that time has verified his judgment of the Bolshevik regime. Its revolution has been a gigantic success in perpetuating and extending itself and in making itself felt all over the world. But it has been a colossal failure as a constructive force in practically every field of culture and has tragically failed in its promises to create a better form of society, for it has not raised the standard of living in Russia nor has it abolished despotism, exploitation, and social inequality. On the contrary, the present government is far more tyrannical, arbitrary, and brutal and permits less fredom than that of the Czar. The people are helpless against exploitation by the Communist "nobility" of five or six million.

Sorokin holds that Western "sensate culture" is disintegrating and that only its reintegration on the basis of love, creative construction, and reverence for life and freedom can rebuild it and keep it from collapsing.

HELPING BOYS OUT OF TROUBLE

By Melbourne S. Applegate. Association Press, New York. 1950. 123 pages. $1.75.

THE author presents a program for assisting boys who are not adjusting normally to the standards of society. The philosophy and techniques of guidance have been evolved by the author through his experience in the Big Brother movement. The child

is considered from each of the several group settings in which he participates—his home, school, employment, and recreation. Each of these is discussed in terms of its influence upon the child, and the specific methods by which the adult can help the child to a more satisfactory level of adjustment are described.

The author has a good understanding of the factors involved in the social and emotional development of children. He justifiably stresses the importance of a sound relationship with the child. The chapter regarding the boy as an individual is especially sound. However, the author's method of helping the child to a more satisfactory adjustment is treatment of the symptoms rather than of the causes of his anti-social behavior. The emphasis is upon planning *for* rather than *with* the child, which tends to inhibit rather than to help him develop his own capacities for self-direction and reliance. In general, the principles of guidance are sound, the techniques for their application are far less satisfactory.

JAMES CROSS

Travel

THE LANDSCAPES OF BRITAIN

By Stephen Bone. Adam and Charles Black, London. 148 pages. 24 plates in color by the author.

THIS is the revised and enlarged edition of *Albion: An Artist's Britain* which was first published in 1939. Since then, Britain's landscape has been affected by the war, by Americans, and by the Labor government's planners.

New or old, the elements in the British scene combine to produce a landscape which, while sometimes lovely and sometimes extremely ugly, is always distinctive. Mr. Bone has an extraordinary facility for unfolding that landscape, both in his writing and in his painting. Mr. Bone likewise has strong feelings for and against what is happening to the British landscape in the twentieth century, most particularly in the field of town and country planning.

The illustrations, both in color and in black-and-white, are excellent. The format and typography are in keeping with the character of the writing. The book as a whole is for those people who appreciate really fine books.

ITALY

Edited by Doré Ogrizek. Whittlesey House, New York. 1950. 478 pages. $6.00.

READERS who are acquainted with the two earlier volumes of the "World in Color Series," the volumes on France and Great Britain, will be happy to hear that the high quality of those works is carried on in this volume on Italy. They will also be looking forward to the volumes on Switzerland, the United States, Belgium and Luxemburg, and the Netherlands which are shortly to be published.

These are among the most beautiful books in the moderate price class that we have ever encountered. The writing is, of course, excellent. The illustrations, though, make the books the distinguished things they are. The

present volume, for instance, has over 225 illustrations in full color, plus a very large number of black and whites. The first 78 pages are an introduction to Italian art and include reproduction of great masterpieces from the ancient to the contemporary. The discussion of Italy proper begins with a description of Rome and the Vatican and proceeds from there into a discussion of the former provinces of Italy. Each province is illustrated by a full-page map in color, done with a high degree of artistry. Colored pictures of cathedrals, villages, palaces, scenic spots, and the costumes of the people appear on almost every page.

Although this book was not published as one of the many Holy Year books, it is probably the best book one could read in preparation for a visit to Rome and to Italy. And, as Jean-Louis Vaudoyer says in the foreword, the book is equally certain to enchant those who are in Italy already and want to know what to see or those who have been to Italy and want the personality of the peninsula captured in some tangible form to provide a solid foundation for their memories.

A PILGRIM'S GUIDE TO ROME

By Harry Weedon. Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1950. 206 pages. $2.75.

THERE must be at least one publisher in the United States who is not getting out a Holy Year book but all of the big-name houses are in the procession. Prentice-Hall has, in this book by Weedon, the best one we have seen so far.

There is complete information here on the major churches, the shrines in and around Rome, how to get around the city, where to stay, where to eat, how to get an audience with the Pope (it is somewhat easier to get an audience with the Pope's immediate Superior), and what one must do to qualify for the special Holy Year indulgences. There are excellent photographs and diagrams of the churches and helpful maps of the city and its environs.

The book bears the *imprimatur* of Francis, Cardinal Spellman.

Other Books

WORLDS IN COLLISION

By Immanuel Velikovsky. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1950. 389 pages. $4.50.

RARELY has a book proposing a new theory excited so much interest as has *Worlds in Collision*. Here is proposed the theory that the earth in historic times has come into collision or near collision with other bodies in space. In view of apparently fixed orbits within the solar system this has never been considered as a possibility in the past and of such slight danger in the future as to merit no consideration. As evidence for his thesis the author points to the striking similarity of events and conditions described in the folklore, legends, mythology, and recorded history of people and derived from the simultaneous observation of the same events in various parts of the world. Additional evidence is present-

ed from the findings of nearly every branch of science.

The implications of this theory are even more startling than the theory itself. If correct it sweeps away some of the most basic and fundamental assumptions of the physical sciences and will require considerable reinterpretation in the social sciences and humanities. Seldom has one theory extended into so many fields of human thought and drawn on so many for its evidence.

When theories of such broad scope have been offered they have usually been ignored or derided; very rarely have they been accepted. However, *Worlds in Collision* presents such an array of evidence that it cannot be ignored, while the high degree of scholarship evident throughout the book does not permit derisive dismissal. Carefully documented, it demonstrates a breadth of learning and depth of conception that will require intensive investigation before final conclusions can be drawn.

Written in non-technical language, layman and scientist alike will find it fascinating. In fact, it is likely to excite strong reaction, whether of agreement or rejection.

ERWIN J. BULS

THE COCKTAIL PARTY

By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1950. 190 pages. $3.00.

THIS latest play by the poet whom most critics consider the finest of the poets now writing in the English language is written in terms more easily understood by a general audience than any of his former works. Eliot is presenting a problem that must be faced by all people and is demonstrating a solution. Edward and Lavinia Chamberlayne are a married couple in early middle age, but the problem is broader than marriage, and other characters outside their marriage share it. The psychiatrist, Reilly, diagnoses their situation; they share

the same isolation.
A man who finds himself incapable of loving
And a woman who finds that no man can love her.

Or as Celia, the frank-hearted young woman who has been Edward's mistress, analyzes it:

Can we only love
Something created by our own imagination?
Are we all in fact unloving and unlovable?
Then one *is* alone, and if one is alone
Then lover and beloved are equally unreal
And the dreamer is no more real than his dreams.

Since these people are intelligent and decent, they set about solving their problem. Leaving their despair and hatred, Lavinia and Edward learn to pity and help each other; they

Learn to avoid excessive expectation,
Become tolerant of themselves and others,
Giving and taking, in the usual actions
What there is to give and take.

This is one of the two "good ways" of life. The other is the ordeal of the saint, and that is the one Celia chooses; it leads her to martyrdom.

The READING ROOM

By THOMAS COATES

Our Worst Blunders in the War

HANSON W. BALDWIN, the noted military editor of the *New York Times* and Pulitzer Prize winner, has contributed two significant articles on this subject in the January and February issues of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The first set of historic blunders relates to Europe and the Russians; the second, to Japan and the Russians. Mr. Baldwin offers a convincing array of evidence to demonstrate how, while our military men were winning the war on the battlefields, our statesmen were losing the peace in the halls of diplomacy. Mr. Baldwin acknowledges, of course, that it is easy to be wise in retrospect; at the same time he argues that "if we are ever to learn from our mistakes we must identify them."

> The major American wartime errors were all part and parcel of our political immaturity. We fought to win, period. We did not remember that wars are merely an extension of politics by other means. . . . The United States, in other words, had no peace aims.

The first basic mistake was our unrealistic and bemused approach to, and evaluation of, the Russian government. This encompassed the following four fallacies: 1. that the Politburo had abandoned its idea of a world Communist revolution and wanted to live in "one world" with the capitalist democracies; 2. the Rooseveltian notion that "Joe" Stalin was a good fellow and that we could "get along with him"; 3. the fear that Russia might make a separate peace with Germany; 4. that it was necessary that Russia should enter the war against Japan.

The author maintains that it would have been far more conducive to the establishment of enduring peace and the preservation of democracy to have allowed Germany and Russia to battle each other to the point of exhaustion. This, Mr. Baldwin maintains, "would have placed the democracies in supreme power in the world, instead of elevating one totalitarianism at the expense of another and *of the democracies.*" We blindly tossed away our price-

less advantage by exacting nothing in return for our enormous aid to Russia when she was in her death struggle with the Nazis.

On the other hand, it would have been altogether to our advantage if Russia had not entered the war with Japan. We should have kept her out, and the information possessed by our military experts should have proved that we did not need her assistance. Instead, we bribed Russia to enter the war, thereby sacrificing all of the aims for which we ostensibly went to war against Japan in the first place.

Baldwin points out that another colossal blunder of the war was the policy of "unconditional surrender." First enunciated by President Roosevelt in an off-hand manner at Casablanca, this policy "was an open invitation to unconditional resistance; it discouraged opposition to Hitler, probably lengthened the war, cost us lives, and helped to lead to the present abortive peace." It is interesting to note that Stalin did not subscribe to this declaration; with political wisdom superior to our own, he carefully differentiated between the unconditional surrender of Hitlerism and the unconditional surrender of Germany.

A further step toward the ultimate loss of the peace was taken with the decision to invade Western Europe in preference to the British plan of launching an invasion through Southern Europe. The result, of course, was the forfeiting of the Balkans and Eastern Europe to Russia. Baldwin quotes the comment of Major General John R. Deane in his book, *The Strange Alliance,* concerning the Teheran conference:

> Stalin appeared to know exactly what he wanted at the Conference. This was also true of Churchill, but not so of Roosevelt. This is not said as a reflection on our President, but his apparent indecision was probably the direct result of our obscure foreign policy. President Roosevelt was thinking of winning the war; the others were thinking of their relative positions when the war was won.

Baldwin calls a "heinous mistake" the Allied acceptance of Russia's claims to Poland's eastern territories and the division of Europe into spheres of influence, with the Balkans consigned to the Russian orbit. For this he especially blames Churchill, stating that it was opposed by Secretary Hull, but approved by Roosevelt. The Russian position was immensely strengthened by the concentration of Western military strength in France, instead of Southern and Eastern Europe.

The dominant factor in the political complexion of Europe after the war was the presence of Red Army

soldiers in all the countries east of the Trieste-Stettin line. The eruption of the Russians into the Danube basin gave them control over one of Europe's greatest waterways, access to Central Europe's granaries and great cities, and a strategical position of tremendous power at the center of Europe. . . . All of this Churchill and the British had clearly foreseen; none of this, so far as the record goes, did we foresee. Yet . . . rationalization triumphed over foresight.

The loss of Central Europe, and above all our failure to insure for ourselves a way of access to Berlin, was catastrophic in its effects upon our post-war situation. The failure here was both political and military. The basic decisions were made at Quebec and Yalta, and the spectacle of American troops marking time while the Russians were allowed to enter first into Berlin, Prague, and Vienna, was the fruit of these decisions.

Errors in the Pacific

With regard to the Pacific area, some of the original weaknesses in our strategy stemmed from friction between the services and between the top commanders, notably Admiral Hart and General MacArthur. Baldwin faults MacArthur for his "wildly overoptimistic" estimate of his ability to defend the Philippines. The swift destruction of our Philippine bombing squadrons, he maintains, could have been averted if MacArthur had used different tactics; our defeat, he avers, has never been adequately explained.

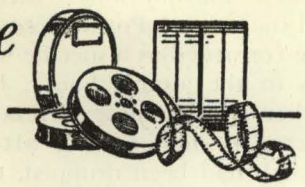
More far-reaching in its consequences was the tragic story of our appeasement policy toward Russia in terms of the Asiatic war. Baldwin regards the Yalta conference "the saddest chapter in the long history of political futility" during the war. We were passionately eager to have the Russians enter the Pacific conflict. What we failed to realize was that, at the time of Yalta, Japan was already beaten. The lack of such realization Baldwin attributes chiefly to the failure of certain sections of our intelligence division, which fed unduly pessimistic reports to our military commanders and statesmen. Those intelligence reports that presented a more realistic evaluation of the desperate plight of the Japanese and the imminence of our own victory never reached the Joint Chiefs of Staff level. (In the light of subsequent developments and revelations as to the infiltration of pro-Communist influence into the highest quarters of our government, one is led to wonder as to the real causes of our fantastic concessions to Russia in the interest of drawing her into the war.) At the same time, the diplomatic maneuvers at Yalta were colored by our obsession to corral Russia into the

United Nations, and thus to insure "the brave new world."

> For all these reasons and because of a fundamental military as well as political misconception, Russia held the whip hand, and the U. S. representatives placed themselves in the amazing position of "giving away" territories which did not belong to us, and of undertaking to secure concessions which impaired the sovereignty of a friendly allied state. . . . It was not to our interest, or the interests of China or of the world, to make Russia a Pacific power.

The *Times* military expert further contends that the dropping of the atomic bomb upon Japan —already defeated and demoralized—in the closing days of the war "exemplifies the astigmatic concentration of our planners on one goal and one alone, victory." Baldwin denies that the atomic bomb either hastened the end of the war or that it helped to further the political aims for which the war was fought. He contends that the dropping of the bomb was not necessary, and that, in any event, Japan should have been given adequate warning. The "unconditional surrender" ultimatum of Potsdam could not be construed as a specific warning as to the atomic bomb; besides, when the Japanese surrender was actually negotiated, after the bomb had been dropped, the unconditional surrender demand was made conditional—for the emperor was retained.

There is of course much more to Baldwin's devastating and well-documented arraignment of our colossal wartime blunders. Is it fruitful to "cry over spilt milk" and to rehash the story of our stupidity and lack of statesmanship? We think it is. We can only learn for the future from the lessons of the past—no matter how bitter the recital of our mistakes may be. Moreover, it should serve as a warning that, in guiding the destinies of our nation, only those whose primary loyalty to their own country is unquestioned should be given a place of responsibility. Finally, it should go a long way toward exposing the myth of the infallibility of Rooseveltian statecraft.

The  Motion Picture

THE CRESSET *evaluates one of the world's most powerful forces*

HOLLYWOOD is having a bad case of jitters—big jitters, not just small or medium-sized jitters. The reasons for the deep gloom which has settled over Movieland are varied and numerous. They have nothing to do with flying saucers, hydrogen bombs, or the rumored appearances of strange submarines off the California coast.

The No. 1 spectre which haunts producers and exhibitors has to do with that greatest of all bogies —a declining box office. For three years box-office receipts have been off. In 1946 weekly attendance at motion-picture theaters reached the record high of more than 80,000,000. Last year the figure had fallen to 62,000,000. It is easy to understand why movie-makers are disturbed. The motion picture is completely dependent on public patronage. It has only one source of revenue—the box office. One need only measure the stature of the present-day cinema industry to realize that the motion picture has had a tremendous popular appeal.

What has happened? What is likely to happen in the near future? Is Writer-Director-Producer Nunnally Johnson right when he says that the movies are suffering from middle-age doldrums and sorely need an infusion of youth all along the line? Or do you agree with Bosley Crowther, film editor of the *New York Times,* when he declares: "The trouble with the film business is that some of its practitioners, ranging in age from twenty upwards, have put their minds in a deep freeze"? Dore Schary, vice-president and production head of M-G-M, believes that things will soon take a turn for the better. He points out that more good pictures have been released in recent months and that producers have at last begun to abandon the old stereotyped formulas in favor of pictures that are novel, fresh, and distinctive.

The word "television" seems to

be *verboten* in the motion-picture industry. The mere mention of the word sends some producers into a tizzy, for it is generally believed that television has cut deeply into movie attendance.

Then there is the new and dramatic medium called phonevision. This amazing device will bring films right into your home—for a small fee, of course. The Federal Communications Commission recently granted a ninety-day experimental license to Zenith Radio Corporation. Beginning about September 1, a three-month test of phonevision will be made by Zenith in the Chicago area. At least one major studio has already taken a definite stand against making films for television or phonevision. Other producers fervently hope that somehow the three media can be made to work together to the advantage of all.

Labor troubles still plague the motion-picture industry. Cuts and cutbacks are the order of the day. The drive to bring about a repeal of the 20 per cent admission tax is under way, and several cases of importance to the industry are awaiting decision by the United States Supreme Court.

Yes, Hollywood has "de miseries." The action of United States Senator Edwin C. Johnson is not designed to bring balm and healing to a troubled industry. Early in March, Senator Johnson delivered a sharp attack on Hollywood morals. He declared that he would conduct an exhaustive investigation of moral conditions in Filmland and that he would introduce a bill which would require a special government license for actors, actresses, producers, and films. This bill would grant the power to deny a license to any undesirable play or player and to revoke the license of any player or producer found guilty of immoral behavior as well as of any picture which violates a strict censorship code.

Naturally, the motion-picture industry is girding itself for an all-out fight against such harsh and restrictive legislation. The industry will receive aid and support from other organizations which regard Senator Johnson's action as a threat to the freedom of expression guaranteed by the First Amendment.

No one will deny that too many sensational stories have come out of Hollywood in recent years. No one will condone the reprehensible behavior of the actors and actresses who have been involved in the scandals which have made front-page news. Many sober, serious-minded persons *within* the film industry have been quietly at work to bring about reforms and to institute strict self-censorship for plays and players. This is as it should be. Censorship codes

formulated and accepted by the industry are sure to be more effective than any severe government regulations.

Senator Johnson's blast came soon after the nauseating Bergman-Rossellini affair had reached a climax with the announcement that a son had been born to the Swedish actress. The publicity attached to this event—and to the entire episode—was deplorable. Many undoubtedly shared Senator Johnson's feeling of outrage and disgust. But it is unfortunate that the Senator permitted himself to be carried away by the irresponsible conduct of two selfish and emotionally immature adults. Predictions as to what will come next are mixed. Some say that the Senator is a bit red-faced over his outburst and that he will be happy to forget about the entire matter. Others are sure that the industry is in for a hot fight. There should be developments of one kind or another by the time these words appear in print.

As everyone knows, the Bergman-Rossellini affair developed while the film *Stromboli* was being made in Italy. The lurid advertising campiagn concocted by RKO-Radio for the release of this picture must be labeled as an unparalleled example of shameless exploitation. The New York opening of *Stromboli* was announced on the very day the wires carried the story of the birth of Miss Bergman's child. From an artistic viewpoint *Stromboli* is a bleak and dismal failure. Miss Bergman's acting is stiff and artificial, with not even a trace of the fine artistry she has shown in some of her earlier pictures. It is hard to believe that *Stromboli* was directed by the man whose superb direction made *Paisan* one of the great pictures of the immediate postwar period. Mr. Rossellini has charged that the film was mutilated in the RKO cutting-room. That may be true, but it seems to me that the trouble is more basic. Financially *Stromboli* promises to be one of the biggest flops of the year. Movie-goers have registered their verdict of the Bergman-Rossellini affair at the box office.

Not so many years ago a twelve-year-old boy was committed to the Indiana School for Boys at Plainfield, Indiana. After a time he was paroled and returned to his home in Muncie. Here he relapsed into bad habits. His parole was revoked, and he was sent back to Plainfield. This time he stayed there until he was sixteen. Today this problem child of yesterday is a prosperous and responsible citizen. Because he has not forgotten his own unhappy youth, he has told his story in an appealing film. *Johnny Holiday,* produced by R. W. Alcorn and released through United Artists, is not a

sensation-packed exposé of the Indiana reform school system. This warmly human story deals with a subject which is of great importance to everyone—the tragic problem of juvenile delinquency. Mr. Alcorn and Director Willis Goldbeck merit high praise for the straightforward way in which they have handled a delicate theme. The *Johnny Holiday* cast features a distinguished unsalaried actor. Henry F. Schricker, Governor of Indiana, appears in scenes depicting an official inspection of the school. Hoagy Carmichael, too, does his bit for his native state.

Stars in My Crown (M-G-M, Jacques Torneur) is best described as simple, homespun fare admirably suited for family entertainment. This old-fashioned tale of a small-town parson offers a welcome change from the ubiquitous crime and violence films.

In *Stars in My Crown* Joel McCrea gives an excellent portrayal of a small-town parson. In *The Outriders* (M-G-M) he appears with equal success as the gun-toting hero of an exciting and well-made technicolor story of Civil War days.

Riding High (Paramount, Frank Capra), based on the late Mark Hellinger's story, *Broadway Bill,* has been made into an excellent vehicle for Bing Crosby. The redoubtable Bing romps through the picture in his usual lighthearted manner. Four tuneful new songs will delight the hearts of the Crosby fans.

Early in the present century the activities of the Black Hand terrorist organizations regularly made headline news. *Black Hand* (M-G-M, Richard Thorpe) recreates a turbulent period in the history of New York City. Gene Kelly is convincing in the role of the young Italian immigrant who is determined to avenge his father's ruthless murder. J. Carroll Naish, Marc Lawrence, and Frank Puglia are outstanding in a fine supporting cast.

Under My Skin (20th Century-Fox, Jean Negulesco) stars John Garfield as a self-confessed "100 per cent heel" in an action-packed but unimpressive screen version of Ernest Hemingway's story, *My Old Man.*

A Woman of Distinction (Columbia, Edward Buzzell) is slapstick comedy on the lowest level.

Wabash Avenue (20th Century-Fox) and *The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady* (Warners) rehash oft-told tales of the *theatuh.* Very dull.

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

A NUMBER of our readers have expressed concern about some of the statements made by Dr. Richard Kroner in his two-article series on "The Religious Imagination" which appeared in THE CRESSET in March and April. We think that it might be wise for us to repeat what we said in these columns in February, that "while the staff of THE CRESSET represent the point of view of an individual church body, it is our belief that there is room in a magazine such as ours for divergent points of view, also in theological matters. Since we do not pretend to speak officially for any church, we welcome differences of opinion which may lead to a more earnest and thorough re-examination of religious beliefs."

We see no reason to alter that stand. We do, as a matter of fact, disagree fundamentally with Dr. Kroner's views of the inspiration of the Scriptures. In our view, St. Paul settled that matter when he said that *"all* Scripture is given by inspiration of God." At the same time, we recognize in Dr. Kroner's remarks a challenge to us to re-examine our views and we feel that that re-examination has made us more certain of the validity of the things in which we believe than we had been before.

We do not believe that one grows intellectually or spiritually by reading only those things which agree with everything he has thought or believed all along. Christianity thrives on challenge. Neither do we believe that it is our duty to intrude upon the field of those very excellent publications which exist to speak officially for their church bodies. We look to them for accurate statements of official position. We hope that they, on the other hand, will see in us a forum where anyone who believes that the Living God has something to say to the world of 1950 may receive a respectful hearing, even if we disagree with him. That, as we conceive it, is our reason for being and our small way of carrying out the Master's will.

Our issue next month will take special note of the 200th anniversary of the death of Johann Sebastian Bach. Our feature article will be "A Listener's Life of Bach" and the Pilgrim has written a column on Bach which will also appear as a chapter in *The Little Bach Book,* a publication of the Valparaiso University Press.